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The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

DRAWN BY HENRY C. HOWARTH

—took off his broad blue bonnet and wiped his brow

The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

AUTHOR OF THE STICKIT MINISTER, THE RAIDERS, THE LILAC SUNBONNET, THE GREY MAN, THE RED AXE, ETC., ETC.

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First Chapter

NINIAN MACLURG, Laird of Millwharchar, in the hill country of Galloway, took off his broad blue bonnet and wiped his brow. It was customary for lairds at that time to wear broad-brimmed hats which came from Edinburgh, or even London, according to the standing of their territorial sasine upon the rolls of the county sheriff.

But there are lairds and lairds, bonnets and bonnets. So Ninian MacLurg wore a blue broad piece almost as heavy as a steel cap, with a checked band of red and white Rob Roy tartan and a round button of brightest scarlet on the top, which to the initiate meant that the headgear had been manufactured no farther away than Kilmarnock, in the neighboring shire of Ayr. The Laird of Millwharchar's bonnet was no mere common bonnet, new cott from the shop of Rob Rorrison on the Plainstanes of Dumfries. It did not dazzle the beholder with the brilliance of its checked pattern. No flaunting feather cocked recklessly at an angle upon its right side, as was too much the fashion among the unhallowed young callants who roamed the countryside after the lasses.

No—many times no, indeed. Ninian MacLurg's bonnet was a sober, serious, responsible piece of headgear, well befitting its stern wearer. Generally it was drawn firmly down on either side till the band touched the tips of the wearer's ears. It was worn doggedly, belligerently, almost insolently. For that was the way in which Ninian MacLurg wore all his garments, till even when lying upon a chair by his box-bed at nights they seemed able and willing at any moment to expound the Catechism, contradict an opinion upon any subject, by whomsoever advanced, or to deal either any unlicensed night-raker or Episcopalian dissenter a most discomposing buffet on the side of his head for the good of his soul.

Ninian MacLurg was looking for his daughter Bell. He had three younger daughters and two sons, but, somehow, Bell took more looking after than all the others.

"The de'il's in the lassie," was his unpaternal way of explaining and denouncing this fact. "I declare, I canna gang to the hoose o' God on the Lord's great day but it's 'Where's Mistress Bell?' 'What for brocht ye no Miss Isobel wi' ye, Laird?'—as if the feckless, hellicat lassie had been the minister himsel'!"

But after all there is no accounting for taste, and so the matter stood. Then not only was this strange popularity of his daughter a trouble to the laird at kirk or market; it was equally troublesome when he abode on his own acres.

Two stout sons he had, Alec and John by name, who labored all day at plough and flail to satisfy their father, but at the gloaming went off on their own visitations at other farm towns, where the gloom was less pronounced than within the sphere of influence dominated by the severe Laird of Millwharchar.

"The man that shall tak' daughter o' mine frae aboot the hoose," he was wont to proclaim loud enough to be heard between kirk door and market cross, "maun hae three hunder pound o' coined siller and three hunder acres o' good plow land besides. He shall satisfy me upon three points o' doctrine according to the Presbyterian standards of our faith, and lastly, he shall stand up to me, Ninian MacLurg, with a stieve cudgel of oak in his fist, and therewith he shall break my head. Then after that I will speak with him in the gate concerning my daughter."

All the same, Bell MacLurg took a good deal of the trouble inseparable from the task of finding such a paragon out of the laird's hands; and used her fine eyes so resolutely and to such purpose among the faithful on Sabbath mornings at the kirk that young bloods from distant parishes, who for years had systematically neglected the stated assembling of themselves together, became constant and devout attenders upon ordinances at the kirk of Dullarg. Moreover, some curious and recondite motive induced them to congregate along the west wall—a spot not much in favor with the general body of the faithful, inasmuch as not only was it hot in summer and cold and draughty in winter, but what was worse—from the seats along the west wall one could not watch the minister's movements during time of sermon, nor yet make certain that on the top of the shut pulpit Bible there was not room for the most microscopic of written "notes." All the same, these highly undesirable benches were now generally better filled than the rest of the kirk. And it has really nothing to do with the matter to add that the square, black-lettered pew of the MacLurgs was placed at the lower angle of the west wall, and that Bell MacLurg never passed a sprig of thyme or sleep-dispelling southernwood to her sisters without having a whole battery of admiring eyes directed upon her movements.

One famous Lord's Day as Ninian MacLurg opened the small pew door to marshal his family in before him he stopped suddenly aghast. All four seats were piled high with branches of sweet-scented "sidderwood," and as the laird said afterward, "What with flowering thyme and other play-actin' trash the decent Millwharchar pew was steaming like a haystack that had heated."

Ninian MacLurg was not, however, a man without commonsense. He had been, as the countryside expressed it, a "gye boy" in his youth—which, being interpreted, meant that he had had some repute of wildness before the arrival of that inward grace which in the Bonnet Laird had now so entirely gained the mastery over original sin and actual transgression.

The Laird of Millwharchar, casting back into his own unhallowed youth, instantly divined whence the "rubbish" had come, and correctly estimated its meaning and purport. With a haughty gesture of his left hand he kept his family, as it were, at bay, while he entered the square "seat." Then, with an action exactly like a binder on the harvest-field, he took up the southernwood, the thyme, and yet rarer growths in his arms, pressed them into small compass, and strode with them to the bench along the west wall, which was already filled with the bachelordom, eligible or otherwise, of three parishes. Then, like to a sower on a windy day, he swept his mighty arm along the astonished row—and lo, their offerings to Venus, as one might say, the frankincense and mixed spices and myrrh were scattered in the very faces of those who had brought them to the temple. Thereafter Ninian MacLurg passed slowly down the west wall with his oaken staff in his hand ("thick as a bullock's hind leg," said Rob Gregory, of the Boreland), and held it a moment under every young man's nose, giving him ample time to inhale the perfume of its polished knobs and sinewy, compacted strength.

After that the western wall was more thickly populous than ever with daring and worshipful swains, but the Millwharchar "box-seat" remained forever empty, and swept—but wholly ungarnished.

"Bell—Bell MacLurg—oh, ye besom, wait till I lay hands on ye! The kye are yet on the hill. 'Tis not an hour to milking-time! The lads are wanting their suppers, and gin ye dinna come, ye'll miss the worship o' God—and I'll daud the head aff ye, my lass!"

This comprehensive denunciation Ninian addressed to the waving broom and nodding gowans of the "park" pastures which lay like a bright green fringe outside the gardens and orchards of Millwharchar. But only the girdling woods of Larbax and his own white barn wall gave back the echo.

Thwarted outside, Ninian MacLurg went into the house and relieved his feelings by subjecting his younger daughters to wholesome spiritual discipline. Then, being sore by reason of Bell's impudent evasion, he yet further regained his self-respect by going to the hayfield in order to tell Alec and John that they were lazy good-for-nothings, who would not sleep that night with whole bones unless they worked twice as hard as they had been doing.

But these projects, agreeable and delightsome as they appeared, were instantly banished by a sight which fairly dumbfounded the Laird of Millwharchar.

On the face of a brae some three hundred yards from the farmhouse his daughter Bell appeared, in the broad light of day, unblasted by the lightnings of heaven, calmly walking toward him with a young man on either side of her.

Second Chapter

THIS is how it happened. As usual in such cases it was in no sense the lady's fault.

Bell MacLurg had gone out to the moor avowedly to "fit" such peats as had been drying on the heather, after being carried out of the "face," or wet bank of fibrous fuel, from which her father's strong arms had cut and "cast" them. It was a hot day, so Bell took with her a white summer bonnet of linen framed on wire, the materials for which she had bought out of her butter money last Rood Fair—without, however, thinking it necessary to consult her father on the transaction. It was a becoming article of attire, but, nevertheless, the lady wore it mostly in her hand, or drooping over her shoulders by the strings.

Isobel MacLurg arrived at the peat-moss in due time, and sat down to recover herself upon a convenient tussock of dry heather, when she saw an apparition strange to be discerned in that wild place—that is, save and except when Mistress Bell by chance wandered thither. A tall young man was coming over the moss toward her.

Bell MacLurg shaded her brow with her bonnet. She did not need to lift it very high in order to do this, for the sun was already quickening his pace for the final plunge beneath the horizon.

"It cannot be Will Begbie," she mused; "Will is not so slender, and he always comes through the wood at any rate. It cannot be Allan of the Hill. He walks too fast for Allan. It must be some one new—some one I do not know. How interesting that will be! But ought I to have ventured so far away from home? My father says that there are some of my Lord Dalmarnock's rebels lurking in the moss-hags yet! Shall I run home?"

She rose to her feet and kilted her coats with a pretty action of her hands at either side her already attenuated kirtle.

"No, I will not," she said, "upon second thought; he does not look like a rebel—from a distance, that is!" Then she fell on her knees and began to "fit" the peats with the most intense and abstracted concentration, added to many turnings of her head to this side and that, besides divers pauses, finger on lip, to consider abstruse problems of architecture, drying and ventilation.

"It seems a difficult job, this which engrosses you so entirely, madam," said a voice close behind her. "Pardon me for inquiring if I can be of any assistance to you?"

Bell arose instantly to her feet with a little cry, and yes—explain it who will, the blushful color of an infinite surprise mustered most becomingly upon her neck and cheeks. She could not have looked more astonished if the speaker had suddenly dropped from the new moon, which, like a blown leaf of autumn, floated already high above the horizon.

"I have startled you," said the newcomer regretfully; "pray pardon me. I should be more sorry than I can say to discompose so fair a maiden."

In the first burst of surprise Bell had placed one hand on her breast below her throat, as if to recover herself—Eve's attitude when Adam caught her that first time looking at the apple. Then she put her other hand up beside it with charming unconsciousness of her pose, and looked at him through her mantling eyelashes.

He was tall—taller even than she had thought when she diagnosed him from Will Begbie. He was, as it seemed at a first glance, somewhat shabbily dressed, yet he wore every article with such distinction that, as Bell put it to herself, after "a little you came quite to think him better put on than my Lord Queensberry himself." He was a young man—but yet not so very young either; a little on the shady side of thirty, perhaps. But his face was so pale and thin that he looked older than his years, and when he took the military hat with its binding of tarnished gold lace off his head Bell could see a frosting of early gray at his temples. His surcoat, unbuttoned all the way down the front, and dotted irregularly with gold buttons or the threads which had once attached them to it, was also white—or, rather, had once been white. The undercoat, belted easily at the waist, had likewise, doubtless, at the same time been red. It was still faced with gold lace, and had large silk pockets, from one of which the ear of a dead hare projected with a curious suggestion of listening to what was going on.

But by this time Bell had quite recovered herself. A brief, comprehensive glance, at once reproachful, playful, tragic,

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Editor's Note—The Fitting of the Peats, by S. R. Crockett, will run through four numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

and coquettish, had told her all that the pen has been able to pack into a longish paragraph. She decided that she would not be frightened any more—for the present, that is.

"And please, sir, who are you?" she asked, looking up again at the man in the white coat with the straggling gold buttons.

The young man laughed and, before answering, glanced about him uneasily, as if looking for some one.

"Glenmorrison would never forgive me if he knew I had told you, but I am called Adam Home!"

"How strange I never had one—I mean, I never knew any one of that name," said Bell. "It must be very awkward."

"And why awkward?" queried Adam Home, smiling down at this pretty rustic who yet spoke so like a lady.

"Because," said Bell slowly, "if there were any one you liked very much—any one who liked you, that is—there is no nice 'little name' for them to call you by."

She seemed to turn the whole subject of this second transgression of Adam over in her mind. Then she shook that small, dark head of hers, with the scarlet snood bound low about it, so vigorously that one of the crisp brown ringlets escaped from that slender band as gladly as children getting loose from school.

"No," she repeated emphatically, "it would not be nice at all!"

Adam Home stood smiling before her, his hat still in his hand.

"And may I ask what names fulfill these severe conditions sufficiently to be eligible for your favor?"

"Why," said Bell to herself, "I declare he talks like Fontinbras, in that book I hide from father, writ by Mistress Aphra Something or other."

But aloud she said, "Well, I like William, though it is common, but Charles and Francis are best of all. Willie, Charlie and Frank are so sweet to say!"

And she looked as if she had experience of them all.

The young man bowed.

"I am fortunate enough to be able to oblige you with two of these. My full name happens to be Adam Charles Francis Charteris Home!"

"You are not deceiving me?" she said, looking up at him with an innocence which added without words, "for I could not possibly deceive you!"

"On my honor, no!" he cried, with a quick rebound from the somewhat formal gravity of demeanor he had hitherto observed. "I would not attempt to deceive one on whose countenance Nature has marked both sweetness of disposition and trustful innocence, in addition to a delicate beauty all its own."

"Oh! Oh!" cried the girl, clapping her hands. "It is wonderful! How well you know me, and without ever setting eye on me before!"

But if Mr. Home of the many prænomens had been at all an observant man he would have noticed a very roguish smile lurking about the corners of Mistress Bell's mouth, which might have caused him to modify at least one clause of his somewhat flowery eulogium.

But at that moment his eyes were ranging the heather and trying to pierce into the dark woods which edged the Millwharchar Moss to the eastward.

Third Chapter

"YOU do not ask me my name—it must be because you know it already," said Bell, who did not approve of young men looking over her head at fine scenery, still less as if they were looking out for some one else. It was a trait of male character to which she had been little accustomed. So, to the spoilt little beauty this grave young man with his stately periods, his tantalizing, errant eyes, his tarnished clothes and his noble bearing was like a spur in the flank of a mettlesome steed.

Adam Home's eyes returned slowly to his pretty companion's, lingering by the way on hillock and hollow with a sedulous and anxious regard.

"Nay," he said, "but indeed I know not your name. Will you tell me to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"Is it not usual for gentlemen to ascertain that first, before speaking at all?" said Bell, tartly enough.

At this Master Adam Home started as if a wasp had stung him.

"By Heaven, you are right, madam!" he said, lifting his hat ceremoniously; "still I think the circumstances may plead for me. This is, if I mistake not, Millwharchar Moor, and these brown, shaggy hillocks at the back are denominated Lamachan and the Black Craig of Dee?"

Bell inclined her head, hoping that if he went on in such language as that she might be preserved from smiling too obviously. But she replied gravely enough: "Indeed they are, and the effort to denom—I cannot mind that most excellent word—proves you a Scot and a countryman. It is as good as an introduction at the Assembly Rooms of the town of Edinburgh. If it please your Highness" (she made him a low curtsy), "I am nominate—thank you, denominate—Bell, or otherwise Isobel MacLurg, eldest surviving daughter of Ninian, Laird of Millwharchar."

The young man bowed again, with yet more humble and respectful observance.

"Mistress Isobel," he said, "I come to you with something more than the commonplaces of introduction. Your kindness or cruelty may mean my life or death. So fair a lady must needs in this amorous country of ours have had such a sentence addressed to her before. But never by a man in such a case as I."

The mirth gradually died out of Bell's eyes as he spoke.

"The fact is," he went on, "that I and a companion have had a small difficulty with the Hanoverian Government, in which we have come off somewhat at the worse. There is a price upon our humble heads which would make you safe of new bonnets to the end of your life, and which, if he chose, it would greatly enrich your father to obtain. For our sins we have been compelled to take refuge with certain wild outlaws of these inmost hills, headed by one Hector Faa, who calls himself of the Honest Party, but who, in fact, is ready to be honest or dishonest, just as may suit him best.

"Now there is pressing need for my friend and myself to get to France, both on account of the cause which we have at heart and because the search for us grows daily more hot and close. Also for my own part I am greatly weary of a damp and dreary cave in the rocks and of the society of Hector Faa, the hill gipsy, and his tatterdemalions."

"You are not a murderer?" cried Bell, standing a little farther off defensively; "you have never taken human life?"

The grave young man, Adam Home, laughed a little self-contemptuous, ironic laugh. "Indeed, I cannot flatter me that I have. I was never in but one affair, and that was a raveled, unsatisfactory piece of business. It took me all my time to keep the swords of King George's Hessians off my own crown."

"Then you are a rebel," she said, panting a little; "how lovely!"

"I am very glad you think so," he said. "I am in hopes that in that capacity I may make a similarly favorable impression upon your father, and mayhap induce him to accommodate us with horses, and conduct us privately to some cove on the southern shore of Galloway, whence we may obtain boat for France."

As he had been speaking Bell's countenance had gradually been falling. As soon as he had finished she came a step nearer him, and held up her clasped hands with a sweet, penitential innocence which was not on this occasion all assumed.

"Oh, do not!" she cried, "do not! For Heaven's sake—yes, and your own—never dream of going to my father. If you are of the Pretender's party, or favorable to my Lord Kenmure, he will have no pity upon you—not though your case were ten times as needful."

"Mistress Isobel," said Adam gravely, "I will not conceal from you that we have heard some such reports of the laird of this bleak heritage as discouraged us from approaching him directly. But that was before we knew that he owned a jewel so rare that to possess it—nay, even to gaze upon it—were worth—were worth——"

"Who may you be calling *it*?" inquired Bell pointedly, as he stammered and paused for a fitting price with which to round his phrase.

The unexpected interrogatory knocked the bottom out of his compliment. Adam Home laughed, colored, and finally said: "I' faith, Mistress Bell, you have not your wit to seek. We will be having you at Versailles yet, clattering up the great gallery upon the prettiest of red heels and parrying and riposting with each courtier as you go."

"Indeed, I were better employed fitting the peats," said Bell; "but to your needs. I am concerned, sir, for your necessities and those of your friend. But I do urgently dissuade you from approaching my father. He would, of a surety, hand you over to the Government without question or pity, being a strong friend of their party."

"But he is a gentleman, a laird on his own property. He would surely have some compassion on misfortunate men whose heads are already forfeit to the executioner's ax."

Bell shook her own pretty head, and felt her neck with a little shudder as if to make sure that it was rightly attached.

"Ah," she cried, again interrupting him, "you do not know my father when you speak so! He is a strong, fierce man, a Covenant man of the sternest sort, and he hath sworn that if ever he catch any of the Pretender's folk he will slay them like so many rats in a trap."

"That he might not find so easy," said the youth. "We are at least men of our hands, we rebels of the moss and cave."

"I see, sir, that you know not my father," she answered, not without a certain satisfaction; "he could break a dozen"—she was about to say "of you," but refrained—"a dozen men in his fingers at once. There is none in all the countryside can stand against him for a moment—no, not even Sir Alexander Gordon himself."

Then a quaintly willful look stole over her face as she looked at the young man in the frayed coat.

"But there may be a way," she said. "My father goeth to Wigton to-morrow. I know where there are horses on the moors which you can catch with a feed of corn at any time. Saddles there are in the stable, and that shall be unlocked. I will put plenty of providing for man and beast behind the park dyke in a hollow of the rock which I shall show you. I myself will set you on your way, and, it may be, provide a safe escort who will hold his tongue—a neighbor lad who will do the thing I tell him, and who will guide you to the shore at a place where a boat may be obtained."

It was now the young man's turn to shake his head, which he did slowly and sadly enough.

"Nay, my fairest lady," he said sententiously; "I thank you from my heart, but it cannot be. It shall never be said that Adam Home took another man's horse and provend without asking his leave."

"Is not this somewhat nice in a man who by his own account came over to take a King's crown?"

"You little Whig!" he cried admiringly. "I knew not that you had been so well trained in your father's opinions."

"Nay," she answered, "'tis all the same to me—one way or the other. But I acknowledge your side hath the prettiest fashions in dress, and also the most glossing tongues. So, for the safety of other poor innocent maids I ought to help you all out of the country as fast as needs be."

Fourth Chapter

BELL told herself that she liked to flout this sobersides of a cavalier, because he took every saucy saying with a little quick uplift of the head which showed him unaccustomed to be so treated by any woman. And ever as soon as she had got in her shot she knelt down and fell to fitting peats with much becoming earnestness and innocence. Adam Home was longer this time in finding anything to say in reply.

At last he broke the silence, as if he had finished reviewing the whole field.

"Nay, Mistress Bell," he said, "I sincerely thank you for your kind and courteous offer. It is well intended. But I am sure that Glenmorrison would never agree to it. It would not consort well with the spirit of a gentleman."

Bell looked up sharply.

"Doth it consort with the spirit of a gentleman to stand with his thumbs in his pocket-holes while a girl fits peats on her knees?"

Again there came over the grave face the startled look which the minx had so quickly learned to try for as a sufficient reward.

"My dear lady," he cried, with a quick change of mood, "I crave a thousand pardons. To my undying shame I had not observed your occupation, so intent was I on yourself and my wretched affairs. Permit me——"

He knelt down beside her, and at the first attempt succeeded in knocking over no less than five of the "fittings" which Bell had been engaged so busily in constructing before his arrival, and which she had persevered with in spite of so many interruptions.

The girl gave a little cry of horror on thus beholding her work undone.

"Hold! hold!" she cried; "you mistake. These are not ninepins. This is Millwharchar peat moor, not a skittle alley. That is not the way to fit peats, but thus—and thus."

And seizing his wrists she showed him how to take the first peat, set it anglewise on its stronger base, face and balance it with a second, buttress it with a third, and finally, having built a fort after the manner of stooked sheaves in a harvest field, how to put the all-important "crown" upon the work—"to turn the rain," as Bell explained technically.

(Continued on Page 696 of this Number)

—with a young man walking doucely on either side of her

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

—One of Schneider's Pretentious White Stone Houses

He has Taken the Corcoran House for the Winter

Washington, December, 1899.

Well, here we are at last, Robert and I, actually realizing our ambitious hearts' desire. The first and most precious step of the way is accomplished. Robert has taken his seat in the House of Representatives, and we are installed in one of Schneider's most elaborate and pretentious white stone houses in the most exclusive section of Washington and in one of the most fashionable streets therein; and I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that my appointments are all in the highest vogue.

My little Southern friend, Page Mason, who is also my guide and philosopher, says the whole outfit is too much overdone—house, decorations, carriages and servants. But what does it matter? If the Celestial-eyed minister from China can live in one of these gorgeous houses, and Commander Clover, of the Navy, in another, I do not see why Representative Robert John Slocum and his wife, Agatha, may not live in one of them, too; aye, live and flourish, for the situation commands a view of the great Leiter mansion, and who knows but a corner of their mantle may not fall upon us? I believe that my golden key will fit the lock of any door among the smart set, for open their doors I can and will. We have the money and can pay the shot, and I have not campaigned Robert into Congress out of sheer patriotism or for the good of the Constitution. No, not a bit of it!

If I can only persuade Robert to heed me in all matters pertaining to our social advancement I will promise not to meddle any more than I can help in his political affairs, although I have felt it my duty to give him the benefit of my advice already. He has, unfortunately, an idea that his mission in the House is to reform the Constitution, but I am convinced that that rôle has already been overworked *ad nauseam*, and that during the first half of the session he would better content himself with not taking any part in the proceedings whatsoever save to answer to the roll-call.

❧

Page says that his safest plan, till he knows the ropes thoroughly, will be to stick quietly to distributing garden seeds, or to sending out literature about potato bugs and assorted worms, and I agree with her to a certain extent; but Robert is a bright man, albeit a trifle pig-headed, and he must rise to national prominence. He must go from the House to the Senate, and the way thither is not by an agricultural by-path.

He confessed to me just after he had been sworn in that he felt very insignificant and very much like the man whom his fellow-Representative, Amos J. Cummings, tells about, who wondered all during the first week how in the world he ever got to Congress, and afterward he wondered how in the world any of them ever got there.

I was up in the gallery the day Congress assembled, and I was never so nervous in my life until the group of members containing Robert had taken the oath, and then I immediately braced up and resolved that Robert must forego hereafter the wearing of a white cambric tie in the daytime, as I am convinced after seeing him among other men thus arrayed that it might create a misunderstanding: what use would there be for me to keep a butler who wears a white tie in broad daylight if my husband elects to wear one, too?

I was fortunate in having some one with me who could explain things to me and point out prominent men and women. I never saw such crowds of people in my life. The lobbies, committee-rooms and corridors swarmed with all sorts of men, and women of all sorts, conditions and colors. There were red men, black men and white men, who wanted everything under the sun and were there to get it—consulates, mail-lettings, new projectiles, claims, pensions, trusts, post-offices, and Heaven knows what besides.

Everybody seemed to be buying an ugly dark-blue book, which I promptly learned was the famous Blue Book, so dear to the heart of the office-seeker. Finally, when we had squeezed our way into the gallery, and the House had been called to order, I, womanlike, began to ask all manner of questions. I could not for the life of me understand why so many members on the floor kept their hats on, nor could I understand one word of what the clerk was droning out, or what effect the mace was supposed to have upon the order of the House when borne aloft by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

I was interested, though distinctly disappointed, in the mild appearance of the new Speaker, about whom the thing that impressed me most was his gigantic voice. I heard a whisper run around the gallery that his bearing as a presiding officer is a sad let-down after Mr. Reed, and that if the Reed rules should be modified, as is threatened, the House is likely to break over the traces altogether before the session is half over. The new Speaker has one prime recommendation over and above all his predecessors: he was born out of the country, and cannot indulge in Presidential aspirations; therefore there is likely to be harmony between the Capitol and the White House for the first time in years.

To me the House seemed like a school full of unruly, fidgety boys, and when the Chaplain made a prayer and the House rose and stood they were more than ever like school-boys who, upon being compelled to submit to a dose of piety, took it in a lump, as though to get it over with.

❧

There were ever so many members I was curious to have pointed out to me. I wanted to see Mr. Bailey, the ex-minority leader, and Mr. Richardson, the new minority leader, who has been dubbed "Slim Jim" because of his unusual height. Robert says that he ought to be called "slick" instead of "slim," though Robert would not explain what he meant by that. I've understood that he is held to be among the finest parliamentarians on the floor. I wanted to see Mr. Sulzer, who thinks that he resembles Henry Clay and poses accordingly, and also the Tammany member, William Astor Chanler, who is the pluckiest, richest and youngest man in the House; though when I did finally see the latter he looked very inoffensive, very well groomed, and very much as though he had no particular interest in life. I wanted above all to see the notorious Mr. Roberts, of Utah.

—Mr. Bailey, the ex-Minority Leader

Well, I saw Mr. Roberts out in one of the corridors. He was accompanied by a tall, graceful young woman, whom he held by the hand and who seemed to be about twenty years old. I learned that this young woman was the daughter of one of his marriages, and that she came here to help her father's cause, which under the circumstances seems a painful and terrible thing for a girl. What she can possibly expect to accomplish in such a fight and in such an arena I, as a woman, cannot understand.

The man himself made an uncomfortable impression upon me. He possessed a certain immobility of purpose which looks at you out of his clear, steady, blue eyes. There is caution in the firm lines of his square-cut jaw, and one cannot help feeling the effect of the impressive quiet of his voice and the telling moderation of his language. The keynote of the man's character I should judge to be self-control. He was talking earnestly to a group of people and, as we passed by slowly in order that I might have a good look at him, I caught these words spoken clearly:

"I can look any man or woman in the face and say from my heart I have done no wrong, and whatever happens I shall stand erect where I am, to fight or fall."

As we passed on I had a singular feeling of the menace this man is to the house, and I determined to give Robert a brace on the subject; for I heard him doubting whether, constitutionally, the House could exclude the member from Utah.

I was anxious to get a glimpse of the Senate, too, on that opening day, so we made our way thither, and my companion pointed out a little corner off Statuary Hall, where he says women office-seekers generally await the slow motions of their "influence." He said that the condensed heartaches and desperation that are crowded into that narrow space day after day are enough to draw tears from the "whispering stones" which pave the way under foot.

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In the Senate almost every man was one I had long wanted to see, from the strong and able President *pro tem.* to the very funny, fat "Billy" Mason, as he is familiarly called, who, with the assistance of the great Mr. Hoar, holds up the Constitution so continually. I wanted to see Mr. Hale, not because of his anti-expansion utterances, but because he is credited with being the best-dressed man in the Senate, and one who prides himself upon his Chesterfieldian manners. He is said to pose for the ladies' gallery.

—"Billy" Mason, as He is Familiarly Called

Then there was the celebrated Mr. Depew, who makes such lovely bombastic speeches. He has taken the Corcoran House for the winter, and is expected to emulate the departed Brices in entertaining the swell mob. Robert says he does not believe Mr. Depew will amount to shucks as a statesman, but he has said one catchy thing lately that might make a good campaign watchword. He said that the Republicans stood for "Gold and Glory," which is alliterative and pithy.

Of course I saw other celebrated men, among whom were the burly Mr. Hanna, the wise Mr. Proctor, the smooth Mr. Foraker, the scholarly, strong Mr. Davis, the overreaching Mr. Wellington, and the newly wed Mr. Thurston.

I was glad finally to get away from Congress out into the bright sunshine. Late that afternoon I picked up Page, and as we bowled over the smooth streets we had a talk about my prospective social chances.

I will confess that I am a bit staggered to learn from Page that to be a Congressman's wife is in reality rather a social handicap than otherwise. She even hinted that I would do well to keep Robert's membership as much in the background as possible. She tells me that there are not many of the Senators' wives who hold any great social position here, and that it is not always a sure thing that even the first lady in the land will be in the smart set.

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All this is a blow to me, for I had banked considerably upon our strong friendship with the Presidential family being a social lever to us. Page tells me that of course such a friendship will be of use to us, as it will always secure a card to the White House, but that we must rely almost solely upon our wealth and tact to accomplish anything with the smart set.

This wise child, who seems to me to be scarcely out of the cradle, is a veritable social Napoleon in petticoats. She comes of a long line of gentle Southern folk. She goes everywhere, knows everybody, and is the most charming, the most whimsical, and at the same time the most long-headed little Southerner who ever came out of Dixie. She is to be my General in command, and she has already opened the campaign.

She has skillfully let fall a word here and there as to our wealth and the possibilities of my ballroom for dinner dances, which are so much the fad at present. She has presented to me various men of her acquaintance, and shoals of débutantes. These fair young things, scarcely out of their pinafores, possess a worldly foresight that is something astonishing. I heard Page say to one of them, in her queer Southern lingo:

"Ah want you to be right nice an' polite to Mrs. Slocum. She's goin' to entertain the débutantes, an' she's got the loveliest ballroom in Washin'ton. She'll do lots of nice things for you gyirls, but she won't stan' such nonsense as you treated pore Mrs. Westin'house to last year."

This was the first I'd heard of any entertainment to the débutantes, not one of whom do I know, nor their mothers before them, and I'd never heard of Mrs. Westinghouse either; but I smiled and nodded, and was gracious to this little chit, who belonged to one of the "Court" families, as they grandiloquently call the families of the Supreme Court Judges here.

The whole social structure of the Capital as explained by Page seems to me to be a huge joke. There is a continual talk of precedence, and it seems to be of great importance who shall come first at dinner-tables.

The plan, so far as I am concerned, is to be this: I am to lay in hundreds of visiting-cards with "Tuesdays in January" marked in one corner. Then I am to start out visiting, with a coachman and footman in full livery on the box of my smart brougham, or, if the weather should be superfine, I am to use my new cabriolet. My only regret is that Page will not allow me to have a crest put on any of my

carriages. She says that it would open up a fund of quiet ridicule among the diplomats, who are well up in heraldry, and that I must avoid all such mistakes.

My first few weeks are laid out as follows: On Monday I am to devote myself to visiting the "Court families"—that is, the wives of the Supreme Judges; and Page says that nowadays this is not at all formidable, for the time has gone by when they were a social power, for the family of the Chief Justice has never taken any lead whatever, and the rest are all very simple folk, and that among the whole of them there is only one recognized snob; but she would not tell me who it is, for she said my courage might desert me, and besides, I'd find it out soon enough for myself.

—The Celebrated Mr. Depew, Who Makes Such Lovely Bombastic Speeches

Tuesday is to be devoted to calling upon the wives of the Representatives, and this will be a herculean task, for they live in all sorts of impossible places, notably in the outskirts of Capitol Hill; and I groan in spirit when I recall the wife of one Representative whom I saw the other day in the Housegallery, with a crochet collar lavishly displayed around the neck of an old-fashioned black velvet jacket.

Wednesday I shall go the rounds of the Cabinet, and this will be an ordeal; for while the Cabinet ladies are many of them gracious and unspoiled, there are one or two houses in high places where the blood of a visitor is pretty apt to congeal in the veins unless given a fillip by the thawing presence of the respective secretaries. Page says that I must assume the air of the *grande dame*—sweep in and sweep out again, and not be more than three minutes in the operation.

Thursday I am to visit the wives of Senators. My first visit among them will be only upon those who are most widely known and where it will be a help, socially, to me. I shall have to call upon those from Robert's own State; fortunately, both these women are most gracious.

Thank goodness that Friday and Saturday are of no official importance. The former is citizens' day in a general way, and it is also the day at the British Ambassador's; but into this holy of holies I cannot yet penetrate, though I hope it is to be my good fortune one day to be bidden there. The jolly way in which Lord Pauncefote trundles around the town on his tricycle is truly delightful. He sits on his tricycle very much as though he were on a favorite hunter that was adapted to cross-country riding, and would not be guilty of giving him, in hunting parlance, any "nasty croppers."

Lord Pauncefote—or "Sir Julian," as he is still called by many—seems to be genuinely beloved by people here, and I don't wonder, if he is as genial as he looks. I saw his daughter, the Honorable Lilian Pauncefote, the other day, out at the Chevy Chase golf-links, whither I had driven with Page to catch a glimpse of the smart people gamboling on the green at play. The Honorable Lilian was an object of much interest to me, as well as to others, for it was her first appearance publicly since the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Bromley, one of her father's under-secretaries, and Page, who spoke to her, was accorded the privilege of inspecting the betrothal ring of sapphires and diamonds.

Everywhere that I have gone during my first weeks here I have been on the *qui vive* to get a glimpse of Admiral Dewey, and it came about as I was on the point of despair.

Thanks to Robert's friendship with the President, we were bidden to the reception given at the White House to the visiting delegation of Methodist Bishops. I was naturally in great trepidation at making my first social bow on so formidable an occasion, but I put on my war paint and feathers and took a good look at Robert to see that he had committed no indiscretion of toilet, and we set out. I am not going into any description of the function save to say that I was impressed chiefly with the general shabbiness of the White House and with the charming graciousness accorded us by the President; and I want to state also that I had not more than passed the receiving line when I felt quite to the manner born; and I could not help thinking that, given the chance, I, too, could grace a Presidential mansion. We had scarcely made our way into the East Room when an unwonted stir among the guests caused everybody to start forward eagerly, and immediately a murmur ran around, "Admiral and Mrs. Dewey."

It was some little time before the crowd parted sufficiently for me to see this famous pair, and I was surprised at the appearance of both. In the first place, the Admiral is younger and far better looking than any published picture of him. He has a great deal of manner, which, though courtly, is a trifle fidgety. I should think that he might be a man of quick, excitable temper, who shows in his bearing the nervous strain he has been under. He was in full uniform, which made him a striking figure among the other men.

Mrs. Dewey was even more of a surprise to me than the Admiral. The papers had spoken of a "gracefully rounded figure," of a face "fair, mobile, and untouched by any marks of time." Well, if I had been making out her passport I should not have set her down thus. She was, however, a charming, pleasing woman. Her smiling face was surrounded by a profusion of reddish hair, dressed elaborately and graced with a diamond aigrette. She wore a beautiful frock of heavy white lace, made in long, severe lines, and cut decolleté. But the striking thing about her, and the thing that seemed to catch every eye, was an unusually large and brilliant object depending from her neck, which at first glance I took to be rather an overblown locket. Suddenly a conviction flashed over me that this brilliant gem-set ornament was no locket, and I was just about to whisper to Robert when a naval officer's wife standing near me ejaculated loud enough for me to hear:

"I do believe she is wearing the Admiral's jeweled watch, presented to him by the State of Vermont!"

I was so lost in wonderment at the begemmed object, and at the diamonds which glittered upon her neck, that I was oblivious of time, until Robert said testily:

"Are you going to stand there staring at her all night, Agatha?"

I was recalled to myself only to find that I had lost my opportunity to be presented to the hero of Manila and his bride. My disappointment was keen thereat, but was somewhat softened by the fact that my evening at the Executive Mansion had been something in the nature of a liberal education to me.

INDIAN MERMAIDS AND FAIRIES

By Charles M. Skinner

OUR Indians are a serious people, but though their symbols and fictions contain much of killing, fighting and robbery, they have many of a gentler sort, and some are absolute poetry. Students of their myths are sure to be impressed, before they have carried their researches far, with the likeness of some of these legends to the traditions that have come to us from Greece, from Israel, from Egypt and India. There is, for example, a myth that is prevalent over half the world, if not the whole of it, in which a person is translated from his element into either water, air, earth or fire, and seeks to draw others after him either by force or by love. We have stories of mermen and mermaids, firmly believed in by navigators of the South Seas, and no more doubted by Columbus than he doubted his vane or his needle. We have tales of tritons, nymphs and sirens from the Greek; Undine and Melusina are types of somewhat later date; and no longer ago than 1782 one Venant St. Germain reported that he had seen a mermaid in Lake Superior, at the south end of the Paté. It was of the size of a seven-year-old child, brown of skin and woolly as to hair. He wanted to shoot it, but his Indian canoemen cried in alarm that it was a water-god, and if injured would fearfully revenge itself. Apparently it had read the thought of the adventurer, or had learned to know a rifle when it saw one, for within a couple of hours a storm blew up, and during three days following there was little intermission in the downpour or the violence of the gale. An Alaskan tribe is said to have preserved a tradition that its ancestors crossed the sea under lead of a man-fish with green hair and beard, who charmed them with his singing.

—The Admiral Is Younger and Far Better Looking than any Published Picture of Him

THE MERMAID WHO LONGED FOR A SOUL

The Canadian Indians relate that a member of the Ottawa tribe, while lounging beside a stream, was confronted by an undoubted mermaid that arose from the water and begged him to help her to land. She was weary of being half fish and wanted to be all human, but this might be only if she wedded. The Ottawa, moved by her appeal, took her home, doubtless in his arms, for fishtails where feet should grow must be a sore hindrance in the woods. He adopted her, and in time found a husband for her—an Adirondack youth—and on their marriage the dusky Undine received a soul. But the people did not like her; they held her in distrust. In the end the Ottawas and Adirondacks fought about her. Their war continued until all of the latter tribe had perished—all save one, who, wandering beside the Mississippi at St. Anthony's Falls, into which the mermaid had been thrown by her vexed and vexatious relatives-in-law, was seen by her and pulled beneath the water to her home. The Minneapolis flour mills have made the river so turbid that one seldom sees her nowadays.

THE MAN-FISH LOVER

Battao, a Nisqually girl of Puget Sound, was plagued by lovers. She had charm and gentleness and prospects, and it was the latter that kept the suitors hanging about the premises, for her father was rich. There came to the village, one summer, a tall stranger of noble presence who had tales to tell of other lands, and of sights and adventures so strange that even the old medicine-man forgot himself and listened.

To Battao this stranger stood for all that was daring and splendid. She was touched by a new emotion. She admired him. She was happy when he was near, restless when he was absent. One morning when a warm, luminous mist hung over the Sound, the stranger, who had been strolling and talking with her, looked into her face with a smile, then, without further word, walked off on the surface of the water and disappeared in the fog. The girl was naturally startled and frightened, and as day after day went by and he did not return, a sadness weighed upon her which she tried to dissipate by visits to Fox Island. Every day she would be rowed across from the mainland where she lived, and there she would sit, hour after hour, running beach-sand and pebbles through her fingers, just as she and he had done a thousand times during their talks together. The agates, thus sifted out as she watched the sea with longing eyes, fell in the odd forms which visitors to the island have noticed. On one of these excursions her boat came to a sudden stop, as if it had been driven into mud. The oarsmen made the water foam with their paddles, but the canoe advanced not a foot. Leaning over the side to discover the cause of this detention, Battao saw the smiling face of her lover through the clear tide, far below; saw his arms outstretched to embrace her, and his voice came, faint, telling her that he could not return to land, but begging her to join him, and, in an access of longing, she spread her arms and leaped into the water.

On the fifth day from her seeming death she arose from the Sound, and ran up the beach to her father's lodge. In five days more she returned to the sea again, and from that time, for several years, she divided her time between her lover and her people. She was enchanted now; more gentle, more beautiful than ever, more affectionate and thoughtful withal, for if a storm were arising or any mishap threatened she would appear from the waves and cry a warning. But when all her friends had died, the ties of earth no longer held her, and she went below the sea.

THE SPIRIT IN THE BARK BOX

It is at the Great Lakes that we discover a complement to this tale. Near what is now Gros Carp, Michigan, lived the hunter Kandawagonosh, famed for his affection for his parents and his care of them in their age. Heavy were their hearts on the day when his canoe washed ashore and was found broken among the rocks, for by this token they knew he was at the bottom of the lake. Yet, in love and the hope of his spirit's freedom, they built a memorial grave for him, and under its roof placed his knife, arrows, bow, kettle and paint, also burying his dog alive, so that if his soul did return it would find the outfit for the journey to the happy hunting-grounds. The weapons and kettle were not disturbed, however, and in due time the old people took their way to the shadowland together. Kandawagonosh remained at the bottom of the lake—but not dead. A water-spirit had seen and loved him. It was she who broke his canoe and drew him down, down to the grottoes of crystal and green below; she who inflamed his heart with an equal love and kept him there in a long content.

Kandawagonosh, nevertheless, did not forget the upper world. He remembered, with moments of longing, the friends in his village, and he had misgivings when he pictured his parents as weak and old. There were twinges, almost like jealousy, as he thought of his place being taken by others, of his name forgotten among those who had often spoken it. Ah, yes, he wanted his freedom. He wearied of constant happiness. He must have an hour of action. "Let me go back to the earth for a day and see my parents," he pleaded. "They will need my help, for winter is coming on again and they are growing feeble."

"You shall go back to the sunlight for a time," consented the mermaid. "We will wait for you, our children and I. Look; here is a box of bark. Keep it always fast to your belt, and bring it back unopened. If you take off the cover you will never see this home in the green water-world again."

They embraced, and the man arose swiftly through the lake. Brighter and brighter it grew until his head was above the surface and he saw once more the wooded shores and felt the burn of the sun on his bleached face. With a few strokes he reached the land. He parted the branches and plunged into the wood. Strange! Where his father's tepee had stood a pine of several years' growth moved its arms. And what was this? A grave? He bent close, and examined the symbols and weapons that were half-buried in the mould. The grave was his own! Hark! What was that? Somewhere down in the earth an animal was scratching and whining. It sounded like a dog. Puzzled and troubled, he sank upon the mound, and brooding on these changes he unconsciously turned in his fingers the box his water-wife had made. The cover came off. A cloud poured from it in the shape of the mermaid, who looked at him with reproach. His cry of remorse had hardly ceased when his dog burst, panting, from the grave, seized him by the throat and forced him beneath the ground. For, without knowing it, he had been in the water for a lifetime, and when he sat upon the grave all those years together had fallen upon him in an instant and he was too old to live.

The Needs of Cuba

By Robert P. Porter
Special Commissioner for the United States to Cuba

THE civil and industrial reconstruction of Cuba must be more or less retarded by the deplorable condition in which the United States forces found the population, January 1, 1899, when the entire island was turned over to our military authorities. The work of pacification has been satisfactorily brought about, the insurgent army disbanded, and the men composing it, in a majority of cases, have returned to peaceful occupations. This has been accomplished without serious riots or disorders, and the disposition of the people appears to be law-abiding and, under the circumstances, cheerful and hopeful.

The new tariff for Cuba, though quickly framed to go into force simultaneously with American occupancy, has proved satisfactory, and as a revenue measure has exceeded the maximum estimates of its framers. The experience of officials in administering it naturally suggests modifications in classifications and administration, and possibly some changes in rates; but until a complete and equitable system of internal taxation, with which to supplement the customs revenue, has been established, radical reduction of rates will be impracticable. The revenues collected have been managed with economy and skill, and the expenditures made with a view of giving immediate relief to a people who for many years had been plundered of their legitimate revenues. That the condition of the people is gradually improving under these expenditures for improved sanitary conditions, better roads, schools and similar purposes is undoubtedly true, but years must elapse before the scars resulting from a century of misgovernment, a generation of disorders and a three-years' war of extermination will disappear.

PHOTO BY GIACOMO BROGI, FIRENZE

ROBERT P. PORTER

THE WORKINGS OF A POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION

The work of reconstruction, to be complete, must begin at the bottom and proceed upward—not at the top and proceed downward—to the minor civil divisions. The first step to secure civil governmen is a full and accurate enumeration of the people of the island, and the dawn of independence in Cuba must come with the establishment of municipal and minor civil division elections by the people. The machinery to bring about this establishment of a civil government in all its various branches has been put in motion and the work of taking a census is in process of completion. Good municipal and local administration is the foundation of all independent government, and after the Cubans have demonstrated their ability to elect local administrators and manage local and provincial affairs with honesty and precision the establishment of a stable government will be neither a long nor a difficult undertaking. With the establishment of sound local government must come modifications in the present judicial procedure, the revision of which is already occupying the attention of United States officials, assisted by many able and public-spirited Cuban jurists and lawyers.

THE FRICTION BETWEEN THE THREE CLASSES

During the process of building up the civil government the friction which would at once develop between the three antagonistic elements of the population—Spaniards, native-born Cubans and the blacks—can only be restrained by the presence of a military power. The Cubans, unhappily, have never known any other than martial law. The methods by which the United States authorities propose to build up a civil government are strange and unknown to the Cubans, and may account for the impatience exhibited in some quarters. Thoughtful Cubans realize and frankly admit the danger of sudden change, without first having arranged for popular government in the municipalities. When the local tub is able to stand on its own bottom it will be far more likely that the island government will be able to retain its equilibrium. Experience with Cuba has demonstrated that the three distinct classes of population of the island must be handled with tact and firmness. A government in the hands of any one of these three antagonistic classes would, it is believed, not be stable. A stable government is usually a growth of years, sometimes of generations. The United States has neither moral nor political right to withdraw from the responsibilities of administering the affairs of Cuba until all the machinery for an orderly and peaceful government has been established and is harmoniously in operation.

The industrial reconstruction of Cuba began when the last transport of Spanish soldiers departed. The people have been gradually finding employment, the cultivation of the soil has been taken up again, and the work of vivifying devastated districts progresses. Scarcity of capital and of the right sort of labor, together with the uncertainty as to the future and stability of the government, are the deterrent forces which impede industrial progress. All the available cash funds have been drained away from the island, $130,000,000 having gone to Spain since January 1, 1899.* The wealthy Spaniards whose interests are interwoven with the commercial and industrial interests of Cuba will not bring that money back until assured that a stable government has been established—a government strong enough to protect and hold inviolate investments prior to the war.

WHAT PRUDENCE DICTATES

Foreign citizens (and the Spaniards now rank with the English and Germans in this respect) hold the United States responsible for the protection of their property in Cuba. Before any considerable investments are made, ordinary prudence dictates that the future of the island should be removed from uncertainty. The scarcity of labor, like the scarcity of capital, is a menace to industrial prosperity. The present immigration laws, practically those of the United States, are too stringent and should be modified, so that thrifty Spaniards and Canary Islanders may be tempted thither. Many of the Spanish soldiers who are acclimatized and know the country would gladly return to take up peaceful pursuits but for the severity of these regulations.

THE HARDSHIPS OF THE SUGAR TARIFF

Industrial progress is also retarded by the fear or knowledge that with Cuba independent the Cuban sugars would be met with our maximum tariff on sugar, while those coming from Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, aggregating nearly 400,000 tons (exceeding the entire crop of Cuba last year), will be admitted free. Under these conditions the sugar planters of Cuba realize that the crops in these islands will, of course, rapidly increase and make it more difficult for the Cuban planter to regain even his old position; and this fact makes it difficult for the Cuban planter to borrow money to replace his machinery. Sugar is the most important crop of Cuba, and, with tobacco, lies at the basis of the prosperity of the island. The existing rates of duty on sugar valued at 2½ cents, free on board, amounts to a discrimination of about 68 per cent. ad valorem against Cuban sugar when compared with these free sugar countries. After the ratification of the treaties between the British Colonies and the United States, sugar of equal grades may be imported under four classifications:

1—A countervailing duty against the sugars of Continental Europe where bounties are paid.

2—Existing rates of the Dingley Tariff Law against all countries excepting such countries with which reciprocity treaties were made prior to July, 1899, under the reciprocity clause of the Dingley Act.

3—The reduced rates of duty established for sugar from the British West Indian Colonies, with which treaties have already been negotiated and are pending confirmation of the Senate.

4—Free sugar, as aforesaid, from Puerto Rico, Hawaiian Islands and the Philippine Islands.

Under these conditions the three last-named islands offer vastly better fields for investments of capital in the sugar industry than does Cuba. The disadvantage from which Cuba will suffer when these treaties go into effect may be forcibly illustrated by taking the duty-paid price of centrifugal sugar in New York, which amounted in July to 4⅝ cents the pound, for basis of standard grade on 96-test centrifugal sugar, coming from six sources, viz.: Germany, Cuba, Java, English Colonies, Puerto Rico and Hawaii. At this moment the price of sugar has declined to 4⅜, or under, in the New York market, which leaves hardly any profit on equal duties for all sources of supply. Deducting from the 4⅜ cents all accruing charges, including duties (where payable), it will be found that the German producer will get for his sugar as free-on-board value 2.71 cents, the Java producer 2.46 cents, the English colonist 3.02 cents, the Puerto Rican 4.28 cents, the Hawaiian 4.14 cents, and the Cuban only 2.69 cents. Under equal duties in the United States against all countries one-half a cent the pound would be considered a fair profit to the producer of sugar, while under the figures above given there would be a discrimination against Cuban sugars: as against Puerto Rico of 1.59 cents the pound, as compared with Hawaii of 1.45 cents, and as compared with the English Colonies of .033 cents.

These are some of the stern facts which face the Cubans who are seeking for immediate independence. The United States could hardly be expected to give up the large revenue collected from Cuban sugars unless it received some equivalent in return. On the other hand, an independent government in Cuba could not exist without revenues, and as the largest percentage of Cuban revenue is collected from custom duties on commodities which the United States exports to Cuba and in a reciprocal negotiation with that island would want free, it is difficult to see how such an arrangement could be made mutually advantageous. A decided discrimination in favor of Cuba as an independent country would, of course, disturb our relations with countries claiming the right of the "most-favored-nation" clause, and result in international complications. Pending the formation of a stable government it might be well for those interested in the future welfare of Cuba to divest themselves of sentiment and study the trend of these economic questions to their legitimate conclusion.

There are other dangers which must be provided against before Cuba can safely set up in business for itself besides the mere establishment of an Assembly and central government. There should be an available surplus and credit. Leading French economists contend that a large proportion of the loan which was taken by French holders of Spanish-Cuban loan bonds form a lien on the custom-houses of Cuba. Is there no danger of France enforcing this claim in the event of the United States withdrawing its protection from Cuba? At home it is understood that vouchers for a large amount were delivered to the insurgent army when it disbanded, payable on the independence of the island. While the return of prosperity might justify this payment as well as the two and one-half million dollars of bonds issued to aid Cuban independence, an immediate demand for such payment might seriously interfere with the successful launching of an independent government.

MATTERS FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION

The matters which require immediate attention by the Military Government, and the adjustment of which General Leonard Wood, the newly appointed Governor, will find in no way at arms with the broader question of the future status of Cuba, are in the order of importance as follows:

1—Modification of the present immigration laws.

2—Abolition of direct railway taxation.

3—Abolition of the three per cent. tax on real estate transfers.

4—Inauguration of a complete and just system of internal taxation.

5—Revision of the tariff with a view to simplify the administration.

An adjustment of these matters, together with the general work already referred to with which the War Department is occupied, may proceed without involving questions which the people of the United States and the people of Cuba are not yet prepared to pass upon. The serious question of the advisability of repealing the resolution prohibiting the granting of franchises has been purposely omitted. The question whether the United States has the right to grant privileges to American citizens and foreigners unless we are prepared to defend them afterward is one of grave import. The refusal to grant such rights has undoubtedly prevented the investment of millions of dollars and the employment of thousands of laborers. For this misfortune, however, the United States can hardly be held to blame, for the other course might have resulted in even more serious complications.

* This may seem a startling statement, but it is vouched for by one of the ablest and best-known Spanish bankers in the island.

DERWENT'S Love Affairs

By Molly Elliot Seawell

SHE was an American, and a pretty one at that.

So much was plain to Derwent, who, though an Englishman, had an American mother, and knew the ways and wiles of American women. He decided that she was from the South—probably New Orleans—with a dash of New York in her which enabled her to wear her clothes properly. The very fetching character of her costume contributed to what was her chief beauty and charm—an extreme girlishness and youthfulness. She was one of those women who carry something of youth with them into the grave. Her figure was slight and willowy, and her thin, black gown showed off its delicate outlines. She sat alone at a table on the terrace of the Kurhaus, looking down on the rich green park below, lying in placid beauty in the mellow light of the August afternoon. There were few people in the park at that hour, and scarcely any one on the terrace, except Derwent, and the charming creature in the black gown; it was not yet four o'clock, and the music did not begin until five. Derwent, with his cigar and a newspaper before him, had every opportunity to watch the young woman in the black gown. She sat, with a book open upon her lap, and occasionally read in it; but Derwent, who knew all the highways and byways of women, discerned a faint and furtive coquetry in her.

She was not in her first girlhood—she looked twenty-five, but Derwent concluded that she was at least thirty; American women have such a way of disposing of five or six superfluous years that nobody suspects where they are gone. Her complexion was of a beautiful creamy pallor; her hair was dark, and so were her eyes. In those eyes Derwent saw something which belied the girlishness of her figure and the youthfulness of her air. They were eyes which had evidently looked deep into the mysteries of life.

Half an hour passed; people began to stream upon the terrace. Derwent, glancing up for another look at this charming creature, caught sight, at the same moment, of Lady Sarah Battle, bearing down upon him, with her niece, the Honorable Mrs. Mannering. They were making a bee line for him. Mrs. Mannering had not always done this. A few years before, when he was a beardless young Lieutenant in the Guards, available as a substitute at dinners, and very available at balls, Maria Greville had been the object of a faint and distant passion for him. She was a London beauty in those days, bent on making a great marriage, going about seeking whom she should devour, and had little time to waste on beardless Lieutenants with two hundred pounds a year and their pay. She had married rather badly, and was now a widow, dependent on a small annuity and Lady Sarah's good will. Meanwhile, Derwent had become heir to a fine estate and a baronetcy, had resigned from the Army, and had a seat in Parliament. The tables had been turned with a vengeance.

As the two women approached—Lady Sarah, tall and stout as a grenadier, and eagle-eyed, with Mrs. Mannering mincing beside her—Derwent could not help seeing the contrast between his former adored one and the new vision which had fixed his attention for the last half hour. Maria Mannering affected extreme youthfulness, but Derwent did not remember that she had ever been young. She had been old and wary at twenty-five. Derwent arose, as the two women approached, and politely placed chairs for them at his table. Lady Sarah planted herself, and remarked savagely:

"Well, Maria, I hope you are satisfied now. I've walked over half this terrace trying to find a table that suited you. One was too much in the shade, another was too much in the sun; one was too near the café, and the other was too far from the music. Here I shall stay, unless Mr. Derwent orders us off."

"Then," said Derwent gallantly, "you'd better have a tent put up, and a hammock swung."

Mrs. Mannering smiled rather faintly at these pleasantries. It was mean to tell Derwent that she had been hunting for him, but she did not retaliate on Aunt Sarah. It is difficult to show righteous indignation toward an elderly lady who has sixty thousand pounds to dispose of by will, as Lady Sarah had.

Tea was brought and conversation begun. Derwent's body was at the tea-table, but his eyes were at that other table, where the lady in black sat and read and pondered. This did not escape Mrs. Mannering, but she discreetly refrained from comment. Not so Lady Sarah Battle.

"Bless me!" she cried, putting up her glass; "there is that handsome Madame Schaffenberg. Schaffenberg had the grace to die and leave her a widow, a year or two ago. He was a good man—he played the best game of écarté I ever saw in my life. You know Madame Schaffenberg, Maria?"

"Yes," said Maria, smiling pleasantly; "I've known her a good many years. She is here with her children—seven of them."

Derwent did not catch the whole of this sentence. All widows had children, or ought to have, but—she was a widow. This did not lessen his interest in her in the slightest degree.

"I always felt sorry for that woman," said Lady Sarah. "Her father was one of those Southern irreconcilables, who came to Europe after the Civil War in America, and would never go back. Her mother was one of those crazy American women who would marry their daughters to imps of Satan, provided the imps were foreigners and could go to Court. The girl was married off, at eighteen, to Schaffenberg, who was old enough to be her father. He was quite a decent fellow—very rich—and could take his wife to Court whenever or wherever he pleased. I heard at the time that the girl pined to go back to America, but her simpleton of a mother would not take her. The father was dead by that time, and the poor girl had no choice but to take Schaffenberg."

Here was an interesting story, thought Derwent. Perhaps the joys of life were just beginning for that sweet creature there, now that Schaffenberg was gone.

Mrs. Mannering prattled on pleasantly, thinking she had spiked her enemy's guns with the seven children. But Derwent had not caught the fateful word "seven." And then the band came, and the crowd followed it; the tables filled up, and the blare of the music rent the summer air.

Madame Schaffenberg still sat alone at her table, listening to the music with a pretty air of abstraction, and occasionally dipping into her book.

Derwent was past the age when he thought every pretty face he saw might influence his destiny; but not for a long time, and possibly never, had he seen a woman whose mere appearance had interested him so vividly. He knew better than to talk about one woman to another, and therefore in his conversation with Lady Sarah and Mrs. Mannering he did not come within a thousand miles of Madame Schaffenberg, or anything relating to her; but Mrs. Mannering, who was a tolerably fair mind-reader, caught an occasional furtive glance of Derwent's, which told the whole story to her experienced mind. She felt, therefore, when the music was over and they walked homeward through the purple twilight, that she had spent an unprofitable afternoon, albeit she had held Derwent in tow and he was even then escorting them homeward. When they reached the street which led to their villa he politely excused himself and returned the way he came. As he was passing along one of the ferny glades which the dying glow of sunset filled with a beautiful, unearthly light, he saw Madame Schaffenberg coming toward him. She moved with perfect grace, and as he lifted his hat respectfully to let her pass she flashed him a look of recognition and walked on with a half bow.

Derwent, like most men of his age, cherished his illusions, and anxiously asked himself if there was enough youthful feeling left in him for the chance sight of a woman like Madame Schaffenberg to impress him deeply. He was only thirty-five, but he had lived a good deal, which made him feel older than his years.

He actually dreamed about Madame Schaffenberg that night, and was as pleased as possible when he waked up the next morning at the thought that he might meet her again. The next morning was dull, cold and gloomy. A fine mist was falling that was worse than a pouring rain. Derwent went down to the Kurhaus for his breakfast and found the park and terrace deserted. He strolled along through the park, scarcely hoping to see Madame Schaffenberg, when, to his delight, in one of the secluded, bosky dells that seemed made to meet the woman one had dreamed of the night before, he saw Madame Schaffenberg sitting on a bench under a low-branched larch tree. His heart gave a thump as if it were eighteen years old instead of thirty-five. As he approached her it suddenly came on to rain violently. He had an umbrella in his hand, and knowing that American women understand perfectly, and even exact, certain civilities which are considered liberties among Europeans, he walked up to her and said, "Permit me," and held the umbrella over her. The larch tree, thick and impenetrable as a roof, arched over them. It would be clearly absurd, while the pouring shower lasted, to give up so secure a protection, and Derwent said so.

"Thank you; you are right," replied Madame Schaffenberg. "See, the water is pouring along the paths; but don't let me deprive you of your umbrella, or detain you."

"Don't mention it," said Derwent. "Nothing is a privation to me which assists a lady in distress." And then he added with a smile which showed his excellent, white teeth, "My mother was an American."

"Was she?" said Madame Schaffenberg, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I am an American, too, although I have not seen my native country since I was five years old. My father was a General in the Southern Army, and he could not bear to go back after the war was over; but I always wanted to."

There was no need to tell Derwent that she was Southern. This frank disposition to tell her family history was enough.

"I knew a Southern General once," said Derwent.

He had seated himself, meanwhile, without any invitation, and Madame Schaffenberg bent her clear gaze upon him with an air of fearless friendliness.

"He was the finest old chap I ever saw in my life. He came to my father in England with a letter of introduction, and used to stay down at our place in the country. I was nothing but a lad then. He taught me how to shoot—he was the best shot I ever saw—and gave me my first cigar. He used to tell me great stories about the battles at the South. The fact is, I think he was responsible for my going into the Army instead of the University. He was such a noble, chivalrous, impossible, mediæval sort of an old fellow. You ought to have seen a Duke try to patronize him, and the way he turned the tables on the Duke and patronized *him*; it was great. When he died I felt as if I had lost something out of my life that never could be replaced. I never knew a man quite so guileless and high-minded—or quite so ready to fight."

"What was his name?" asked Madame Schaffenberg. She was leaning forward a little, and breathing rather quickly. "When you praise him it seems as if you were praising my father."

"It was General Baskerville," said Derwent, "General Roger St. George Baskerville. It was a fine name, and it suited him exactly."

Madame Schaffenberg leaned yet a little closer to him. Her breath came quickly, and her eyes grew bright with tears as she said in a low voice:

"That was my father."

Derwent put out his hand, and she laid hers in it impulsively, and gave it a soft pressure. Two big, bright drops rolled down her smooth cheeks.

"It is the first time I have heard my father's name spoken for ten years by any one who knew him," she said. "Now pray tell me yours, and tell me all about yourself. I am Madame Schaffenberg. My name is Austrian, but my heart is American."

"And my name is Derwent—William Derwent."

"Papa often spoke of you," said Madame Schaffenberg joyfully. "Though I was but a little girl at the time when he was in England, he wrote me many letters, and in all of them he told me something about William Derwent. I have those letters now. You see, after my marriage and my mother's death, I was cut off from everything associated with my father; and it is like a dream to hear him spoken of."

If her appearance had charmed Derwent before, her manner completed the spell laid on him. It was very simple,

DERWENT AROSE AND POLITELY PLACED CHAIRS FOR THEM AT HIS TABLE

very direct, straightforward, thoroughly American, perfectly frank, yet exquisitely modest. He wondered how she could have acquired such a manner, brought up in Europe; but he remembered the old General; it was impossible that his daughter should be anything but open and unaffected. And yet there was no forgetfulness of herself. She had the unruffled dignity of a woman born to good position, that nothing can elevate and nothing can depress.

Of course, after that, conversation flowed rapidly. A magnetic sympathy flashed between them. Each knew what the other was going to say before the words were spoken. Manlike, Derwent talked about himself; womanlike, Madame Schaffenberg talked about her feelings, her emotions. She had lost her husband within the last two years; the best and truest friend—she did not say lover—any woman ever had; a man worthy to be named beside her father. Her husband's family were good to her—she had entire control of her children. As she said that there was a little pause and hesitation; a strange look came into her eyes. It was the first expression on her mobile face that Derwent had yet failed to understand. She loved her adopted country, and their country home near Prague; but she could never cease yearning for her native land, although she would probably be an old woman before she would see it again. Her children, she felt, must be educated in their father's country—must be taught to love it; their estates, of course, were there; and again, at the mention of her children, that inscrutable look came into her face.

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While they were talking the rain stopped and the sun came out gloriously and decked the trees with diamonds and strewed the grass bright with crystal drops. They were perfectly dry and comfortable under the shelter of the umbrella and the larch tree. Far across the park they heard the distant tolling of the town clock. It was two o'clock. They thought they had been sitting there half an hour; it had been nearly two hours.

Madame Schaffenberg rose instantly. "I must return," she said. "My children will think I am lost."

Derwent arose, too, and together they walked through the dripping park, the sun blazing brightly overhead. It was an awakening from an exquisite dream, but the magnetic current yet pulsated between them.

Derwent walked back to the Kurhaus feeling as if he were treading on air. His lost youth had come back to him. He was in love—not in the cold, bored way in which men are apt to fall in love after thirty-five—but in a good, wholesome, robust, foolish, enchanting, wild fashion that was highly agreeable to him. He ordered a good dinner, drank a pint of champagne, and tipped the waiter to the tune of a couple of marks. After his midday dinner he went to the park and smoked a cigar, and was back again on the terrace at four o'clock. He suspected that she came there every afternoon. "She," of course, was Madame Schaffenberg. It was in vain that Mrs. Mannering planted herself like a lion in his path; he would have none of her—that is to say, when she, with infinite tact and art, tried to attach him to her, he, with infinite tact and art and entire politeness, escaped from her.

Mrs. Mannering, like most women of her kind, knew when she was beaten, and let him go with a smile. It was, however, rather exasperating to have Aunt Sarah say:

"What's the use of your bothering your head about Derwent, Maria? He isn't going to marry you now. You might have had him once, and you wouldn't take him. 'He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay.'"

This roused Maria.

"I think, Aunt Sarah," she said with dignity, "you say very coarse things"; and then remembering the sixty thousand pounds, held her peace, and drank her tea in bitterness of spirit.

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Derwent wandered about the terrace, sitting down and listening to the music occasionally, but keeping a sharp lookout for his inamorata. Five o'clock, six o'clock came, but not Madame Schaffenberg. He then did what he would have done twenty years before—strolled off, and seated himself on the bench where he had passed those two happy hours that very morning. If she passed that way she would see him sitting there; she would know what it meant. Derwent had a soul big enough and a heart warm enough yet to make a fool of himself in love; and he was in love. In twenty-four hours the world had resolved itself into Heaven and hell—Heaven where Madame Schaffenberg was, hell where she was not. She had spoken of her children. His heart warmed toward them, dear little innocents. They should never lack a father's care while he lived. He privately concluded that she had two—a boy and a girl; possibly three, but the thought of the third was rather disquieting, so he put it out of his head. If there should be four—but no, that was impossible. He sat on this bench of romance, and sweet, loverlike fancies flitted through his mind, like butterflies in the sun. He then got up and wandered around the park, but did not meet her. At dusk he crossed the park and strolled past the villa where she lodged. There was a light within the salon, but he could see no one. He walked around to the other side, where the garden of the villa sloped upward to a hayfield, and that still farther up to a wooded height over which a young moon hung trembling in the deep blue sky.

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There was a balcony at the back of the villa, and while Derwent watched he saw Madame Schaffenberg come out and, seating herself in a chair, lean both arms upon the balcony railing. She was bareheaded, and although he could not, by the faint light of moon and stars, make out her features, he saw the exquisite pose of her graceful figure. Presently two children came romping out—a boy and girl, apparently between six and eight years of age. They clung around her, and she kissed their fair heads tenderly. Derwent looked at her with rapture. Every woman looks beautiful when caressing her children. Derwent could not imagine Mrs. Mannering caressing her children, if she had ever had any. She would have turned them over to nurses and governesses, and not allowed them to spoil her hair and disarrange her dress by any excess of affection.

Derwent did not go home until Madame Schaffenberg had gone indoors with the two children clinging to her. He went back to his lodgings and found a pile of correspondence awaiting him—invitations, friendly letters, business communications, bills, and a quantity of Parliamentary matter. He set himself resolutely to this last, for he was a rising man in the House, and full of ambition. By a tremendous effort of will he succeeded in fixing his attention upon it, but Madame Schaffenberg's beautiful eyes, and those pretty children clinging to her, and the soft, maternal kiss she pressed upon them, continually came between him and the written page. With all his endeavors he worked but slowly. It was four o'clock in the morning before he went to bed; it had taken him since ten o'clock to do the work he should have done in a couple of hours.

Next morning he tried to remember whether he had asked permission to call on Madame Schaffenberg or not. He did not know, but that troubled him little. He was certainly entitled to call upon General Baskerville's daughter, and remembered with anguish that he had not done so the day before, but consoled himself with the thought that when a man is truly in love he does not always know where his own interest lies. He lost no time, however, and at eleven o'clock precisely presented himself at Madame Schaffenberg's villa and was ushered into the salon on the second floor. It was a pretty room, bright with flowers, and the balcony was shaded with tall palms.

Madame Schaffenberg did not keep him waiting long; she came in at once. For the first time he saw her in a white gown with a jaunty little jacket, and a mannish little collar and tie. She looked younger than ever. Her frank pleasure at seeing him was changed into a charming coyness at the lingering pressure of his hand. Derwent's first words brought a vivid blush into her clear, pale cheeks.

"I looked for you yesterday afternoon on the terrace," he said. "Then I went into the park, and sat on the same bench where we were together yesterday morning, hoping that you might pass, but you did not. I should have availed myself of your kind invitation to call" (Derwent was an able and fellcitous liar where women were concerned), "and determined to lose no time this morning."

Now, to a man so far gone as Derwent, the sight of the woman who exercises this strange and sudden charm over him, blushing and smiling and lowering her lids before him, was not calculated to release him from his infatuation; and Madame Schaffenberg had the true American gift of conversation, tempered by European training. She had, too, an American woman's natural ability to cope with the other sex in flirtation. Derwent boldly and pointedly inquired into all her movements, not only for the next week, but for the next month and year. Madame Schaffenberg parried his questions, laughingly yet skillfully, and told him no more than she wished him to know. She let fall words, however, which plainly indicated that she was about thirty years old. Derwent spoke of her beautiful children. She smiled and sighed as she replied:

"They are a great joy, but a vast responsibility."

And then he boldly announced that he should look for her on the terrace that afternoon, and only took his leave when a sudden commotion and irruption in the next room showed that the children were on hand.

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It was certainly delightful to feel young again. So Derwent thought as he dressed that afternoon, carefully selecting his tie, and laughing to himself at his own reflection in the glass, while he brushed his hair vigorously.

Madame Schaffenberg was, indeed, on the terrace; but she played him a shabby trick by having a wheezy old French baron at her elbow, to whom she devoted herself. Derwent, however, was not of the stuff to be set aside for a wheezy old French baron. He planted himself at Madame Schaffenberg's side with quite the air of an invited guest, and immediately plunged into reminiscences of her father. This was a subject which could not fail to attract Madame Schaffenberg, but in which the wheezy old baron had no earthly interest; so he soon got up and walked away.

"Thank God!" said Derwent fervently. "I was determined to get rid of him if I had to pitch him headlong over the terrace."

There was no mistaking the glance of his eye now, and the tone of his voice. Madame Schaffenberg must have been a fool indeed if she had not known that William Derwent and all that he had lay at her pretty feet for her to pick up; and to Derwent's experienced eye it was equally plain that he was not disagreeable to her.

But she became sad and *distraite*. He led her to talk of her life, and he soon found that there was a burden upon her: it was her children. He was rather surprised at that, because he saw in her a resolution, a courage, a spirit which she had inherited from that bland and polished old fire-eater, General Baskerville. He could not quite make out why two happy, healthy children—as he supposed hers were—should weigh so upon her.

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"I feel," she said, "how difficult it is to apportion my time between my children and other things that claim my attention; for a woman should be something else besides a mother. I owe it to them to read, to improve myself, not to make them ashamed of me when they grow older. I have led a most retired life during my marriage; I have scarcely been in the world at all since I was eighteen. Now, when I go to a ball, the thought comes home to me with a chill—I should be at home with my children. While I am reading and studying it occurs to me that I should overlook their governesses and masters. I suppose I shall get used to it in time, but it seems to me as they grow older I am more overcome with the sense of responsibility. I feel it more now than I did two years ago."

Derwent gently reasoned with her. He thought it a sweet and noble instinct in excess, but it can scarcely be called a fault in a woman to be too devoted. Every moment that he spent with her increased his admiration for her. The intoxication of the music, too, was in his blood. The orchestra was playing the wild love story of Lohengrin; the bridal music echoed among the trees.

Derwent began to ask himself when he could make his

DRAWN BY JOS. CASSEL

"BLESS ME!" SHE CRIED, PUTTING UP HER GLASS; "THERE IS THAT HANDSOME MADAME SCHAFFENBERG"

direct proposal to her. Should it be in a week, or in a month? And then suddenly it came to him, like a direct inspiration—why not that very afternoon? He would walk home with her through that lovely path by the larch tree. It would be at twilight. He would be a fool to neglect such an opportunity. He would not stand dangling and dawdling about her for a week—no, not for a day, nor an hour—and so, when they arose and took their way through the purple twilight, his mind was made up. Just let him get away from those streams of well-dressed, idle, laughing, chattering people, in the sweet seclusion of that charming spot, and under the protecting ægis of that larch tree, and he would put his fate to the touch—to win or lose it all.

They were rather silent as they walked along. Madame Schaffenberg, too, had her moment of illumination. It was coming. Derwent was hers if she wanted him; but she had not made up her mind what to say to him. She knew, however, what she wished to say to him. His boldness had not hurt his cause—it never does with women.

As they neared the larch tree they heard a shout of childish voices, and suddenly a mob of children sprang from behind the shrubbery and rushed toward Madame Schaffenberg. There were seven of them. Derwent stood back, a little staggered by the sudden onslaught. It did not occur to him that they were all Madame Schaffenberg's; but after half a minute of observation, of seeing them crowding around her—three tall girls, the eldest about eleven, three smaller boys, and a little tot of about two years old, in a white frock, all graduated like stair steps—the awful truth flashed upon him: they were all hers, all seven of them. There could be no doubt about the eldest girl: she was her mother all over, and promised to be even handsomer; and the others—there was no mistaking them either. All had the same long, fair hair and the same bright, dark eyes; they were as alike as seven cherries in a bunch. Madame Schaffenberg had seven children under eleven years of age! It was perfectly plain to him then. Madame Schaffenberg glanced toward him. He was perfectly pale, and was gnawing his mustache. She, too, turned a little pale. She read him like an open book. There was a moment's awkward and agonizing pause, and then she said, with an air of perfect sweetness and dignity:

"These are all my children, Mr. Derwent. Do you wonder now that I am oppressed with the responsibility of them?"

Derwent, with a ghastly smile, mumbled some reply. In spite of the horror of knowing there were seven he was still human enough to admire them. They were the handsomest children he had ever seen in his life. Any mother might feel proud of them; any father; but any stepfather—that was another story.

There were governesses and a valet, too, in the background. The whole thing was appalling; but one thing was certain—there was no opportunity to make love to Madame Schaffenberg with seven romping, laughing, healthy, happy, noisy children around her. Derwent approached to escort her the rest of the way. She waved off the children, who retreated with perfect discipline; but she said to them, "You may follow us, my dears"—which they did.

Derwent felt to the core of his heart the grotesqueness of his position. The seven children followed, and two governesses and a valet followed the children. Derwent, however, was a man, and he acted a man's part. When he said good-by to Madame Schaffenberg he gave her hand the same tender pressure he had given it when he thought she had but two children, and said:

"May I call to-morrow morning?"

Madame Schaffenberg hesitated for a moment, and then faltered out, "I—I will let you know," and then vanished indoors, the children trooping after her.

Derwent walked back, altogether dazed by the strange position in which he found himself. He was certainly in love with Madame Schaffenberg, and he called himself a coward and a poltroon for letting the seven children weigh a feather in the matter; but seven children do weigh more than a feather, anywhere and under any circumstances. If Madame Schaffenberg would marry him—and he had had a sweet and comforting assurance in her glance that he was not disagreeable to her—how would they settle the problem of those children? She could not take them all to live in England; she could not be separated from the younger ones; he could not live at the country place near Prague. It was fearful. Still, he had made up his mind to ask her to marry him, and when a man who is truly a man goes that far, nothing should turn him back.

He went back to his lodging and ate his supper, but it tasted like chips and sawdust. He spent a sleepless night. Talk about the responsibility of the children weighing upon Madame Schaffenberg! They weighed him down like so many tons of lead. If Madame Schaffenberg should urge them as a reason for not marrying him he would feel bound in honor to protest. Altogether, it was maddening.

At five o'clock he arose. It was a beautiful, fresh, dewy August morning, and, making his toilet rapidly, he went out of doors. He did not go near the park—that was too noisy—but wandered through the town until he got to the little railroad station. There was an early train to Frankfort. He watched listlessly from a corner of the street the people

DRAWN BY JOS. CASSEL

—AND SHE, NOTING HIS SILENCE, TURNED FROM A ROSY RED TO A SUDDEN PALLOR AND BURST INTO A PASSION OF TEARS

burrying into the station, and heard, far off, the scream of the engine and watched the long train as it thundered into the station.

There were not many passengers, but one party he noticed because it was so large, and in a moment or two he recognized Madame Schaffenberg. There were the seven children, the two governesses, the *valet de place*, the tutor, a couple of maids, and a nurse. There were, likewise, baby carriages, go-carts—all the impedimenta necessitated by seven small children. They were whisked into a couple of railway carriages—they more than filled one. Madame Schaffenberg paused a moment before stepping in and looked around her. There was regret in her attitude and her air; but in another moment she had taken her seat, the guard had banged the door, and the train was off.

Derwent felt as if he were in a nightmare. He spent the whole morning wandering about, forgot to take his coffee, and at ten o'clock went to the villa Madame Schaffenberg had occupied.

"Yes, she was gone," the maid volubly informed him, "very unexpectedly. She had left no address behind."

Derwent returned to his own lodgings much disturbed in mind. He could not fail to suspect that he was the reason of Madame Schaffenberg's sudden flight. She had seen the difficulty in the way and had fled from it.

He sat down and wrote her a long letter and sent it to her home near Prague. He waited a week for a reply, and got none. He wrote again, this time putting on the outside of the envelope his address, so that the letter, if not delivered, might be returned to him. It was not returned; neither were two others that he wrote. At the end of a month the conviction was forced upon him that Madame Schaffenberg, for a reason either most flattering or unflattering to himself, declined to hold any further communication with him.

Derwent returned to England a changed man. He was disappointed and embittered—but, yet, the seven children. He felt that fate had played him a scurvy trick. He was a long time getting over it, and he never reached the point when he could laugh at it.

Ten years passed, and on another August afternoon he found himself on the terrace. Nothing had changed except the fashions and the people. No one was there that he knew, not even Mrs. Mannering, who still had a way of turning up at places where Derwent was likely to take his holiday. He spent several days there, and lived, as it were, those past days over again.

One afternoon he was sitting on the terrace when, looking up, he saw Madame Schaffenberg approaching. Three handsome young women were with her. They were evidently her daughters, and were apparently between twenty-one and seventeen years of age. She still looked singularly young, and might easily have passed for the elder sister of those handsome girls.

Derwent arose at once and went toward her. She met him as affably as if she had parted from him in the most courteous manner, with perhaps a slight shade of embarrassment. Derwent squeezed her hand just as he had done at their last meeting, and Madame Schaffenberg's hand trembled a little in his. She introduced him to her daughters—the eldest one, Claire. Derwent thought them all charming, but the eldest girl was one of the loveliest creatures he had ever beheld. She had inherited all her mother's charm.

Derwent accompanied them to a tea-table, sat and took tea with them, and thought how happy he would have been had unkind Fate given him such a wife and such daughters. He was forty-five years old, and was beginning to feel very lonely. He had changed, however, as little in appearance as Madame Schaffenberg. By virtue of a clean life and an active mind he looked young, though he felt old.

He saw them every day after that. He tried very hard to get back upon his old footing with Madame Schaffenberg, but vainly. She would have none of it. He inquired with paternal interest after the other children. They were all well, happy, and likely to be a credit to themselves and to their mother.

The three girls were great belles, and at the Kurhaus dances were surrounded by admirers. Derwent, who thought he had forgotten how to dance, was laughingly persuaded by Claire. In fact, the dear girl—"the child," as Derwent called her to her mother—developed a strange friendship for him. A man is not past the danger line at forty-five. It was impossible for him to be insensible to the delicate flattery she paid him; but he steeled himself against it, saying to himself that it would be a shame to take advantage of her childish fancy.

He soon had an opportunity of proving his sincerity. Tommy Uxbridge, Lord Balmaine's eldest son, turned up at the Spa, and in a week had made a formal application to Madame Schaffenberg for permission to pay his addresses to her daughter Claire. Tommy was a fine fellow—there was no doubt about that. So much Derwent assured Madame Schaffenberg; and declared that Claire ought to be made to see the wisdom of marrying Tommy. And then Derwent went off for a solitary stroll in the park, whistling jovially.

His thoughts led his steps to the larch tree. He sat down on the bench and his eye fell upon a little manuscript book lying there. He picked it up. One casual look at a page told him the story of Claire's heart. She was deeply in love with him, and that little book was her confidante. Derwent closed the book instantly, feeling like a murderer at having read even a part of the confession of this innocent girl.

And there, rushing down the path, was Claire.

"My book, my little book!" she said. "Have you looked inside of it?"

Derwent, quite dumb, looked into her eyes. He wished to tell her a lie; but he could no more do it under that clear, searching, maiden gaze than he could have lied to an archangel; and she, noting his silence, turned from a rosy red to a sudden pallor and burst into a passion of tears.

What man would not have succumbed to that? On that bench, under the larch tree, Derwent became engaged to Claire Schaffenberg.

It was very difficult to tell Madame Schaffenberg. He could not say, what he knew to be the truth, that Claire's love was the spontaneous gift of her young heart; nor was he pleased at the thought of appearing in the rôle of an old fool, running after a girl young enough to be his daughter.

Madame Schaffenberg received his communication kindly and gracefully. Derwent owned up to his age with shame and sorrow. Madame Schaffenberg smiled.

"I, at least," she said, "can have nothing to say on that score. My husband was twenty-five years older than I. Never was there a wife more tenderly and generously treated than I. I cannot but hope that my child will have the same good fortune that I had. I cheerfully give her to you."

So Derwent and Claire were married. The women generally, especially Mrs. Mannering, called him an "old fool." The men called him a lucky dog.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" *That are Making HISTORY*

PHOTO BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON, WASHINGTON

WU TING-FANG

Some of the Big Questions of the Year

As a rule, every century goes out with a peck of trouble and a burst of glory. The greatest of the centuries is evidently destined to keep up the record. Already the facts are before us. In all parts of the earth not only do the difficulties and problems exist, but they are on a scale almost without parallel in history, and they demand the broadest, widest and wisest statesmanship. The great war in South Africa, whatever its results, will involve more or less actively the politics of the world. The possibility of an outbreak in the far East, with the contest between Russia and Japan, brings forward a race issue of extreme interest and significance. These two great problems ought to be sufficient, but there are others.

The insurrections and rebellions in South America promise more than the customary excitement. The building of a ship canal, whether through Nicaragua or Panama, is to be decided. The Alaska boundary question is still in the condition of truce. The *modus vivendi* agreed upon in October, 1899, has effected only a temporary settlement of the main point of dispute—that is, the demand of Canada for a port on Lynn Canal. The United States still retains full possession of the coast and all of the harbors, but Great Britain is within a mile and a half of a stream leading to tidewater, and it is against all reason to think that when the negotiations are opened she will not do everything in her power to get what she wants. The trade differences between Germany and the United States are still serious, but the President in his message said that our relations with Germany are most cordial, and the German Minister has told in glowing terms of German friendship for us. In the trade arrangements between Germany and the United States gradual improvements are being made. Though the progress is slow it is going on. The greatest achievement was in securing the admission of American insurance companies to the German Empire. The Paris Exposition presents problems in industry, but many Americans are wondering how they will get to the big show if Great Britain uses up so many of the ships for transports. Our colonial questions are still pressing, but they seem to be in solution more through good administration than through any special legislation or diplomacy.

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

Our trade with all our new possessions is very materially increasing. The question as to whether or not we shall take Cuba is still discussed, but underneath it all there seems to be the conviction that Cuba will sooner or later be a part of the United States.

Of all the colonial questions Cuba unquestionably presents the most difficulties, because, though this country is responsible for its order and well-being, it is under a distinct pledge not to annex it as spoils of war. Consequently it must give it a quality of administration far beyond the average. That is being done under the governorship of General Wood, whose appointment evoked the most enthusiastic approval everywhere.

Governor Wood's administration thus far has been marked by the same merits which gave him so much fame at Santiago. Indeed, there is no example before the world that offers such opportunities and promises such results as that which Governor Wood is now presenting in the fortunes of one of the richest islands of the hemisphere.

One of the Greatest Achievements of the Times

In many respects the most important achievement of recent months was the success of the United States in throwing open the whole of China to the nations of the world. This was done by one of the cleverest pieces of diplomacy in history. England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan had pounced upon the Chinese Empire and got as much of it as they could—not exactly taking the property, but placing political mortgages upon it. Our statesmen saw that if something were not done the whole Empire would soon be rent asunder, and that the Chinese trade of the United States, which is second only in importance to that of Great Britain, would be destroyed by tariffs and other discriminations. Secretary Hay proceeded in a practical way. He sent notes to each one of the Powers mentioned and demanded assurances in writing that our trade rights should be respected, and that there should be no discriminations and no differences in favor of other countries. In brief, that in any part of the Chinese Empire, whether under the protection of Great Britain, or France, or Germany, or Russia, the American should stand on the same plane as an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or a Russian, and so on. To this England agreed first, Germany next, France next, Japan next, Russia next, and Italy last. Thus in placing the American on an absolute equality with others the Americans placed everybody on the same equality. This is the open door about which we have heard so much, and it is a feat of diplomacy brilliant in itself, and of incalculable advantage to the peace and well-being of the world.

The American Brand of Diplomacy

Some years ago, when Mr. Bayard was Minister to England he caused a slight ripple in politics by declaring that the time had come for diplomacy to abandon quibbles and subterfuges and speak the truth; but gradually the change is taking place. The diplomatic procedures in the far East deal in flattery or bribery. For instance, when the great Powers were after Chinese territory some of them were offering to lend the Chinese Government tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars. All the resources of skilled intrigue were used, and in some instances are still being used. The course of the United States was different. It put its desires in plain English, and instead of requesting the usual polite assurances it asked for replies in writing—and it got them.

Thus through the power of candor and honesty this nation to-day occupies the greatest diplomatic point of vantage in the world. The nations look to us and trust to us because they know that Uncle Sam means what he says and will carry out any promise he makes. No better proof of the diplomatic rise of the United States could be found than in the coming to Washington of some of the greatest diplomatists in the world, such as Count de Cassini, who did priceless work for the Russians while Minister at Peking, and who is to-day one of the greatest men of that great nation; Mr. Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese scholar, who has charmed American audiences by the purity and beauty of his English, and a man who has made his impression by his great intellectual force; and Mr. Jutaro Komura, the new Japanese Minister, known for his experience and grasp of international questions; and others who need not be named. These men are adepts in statecraft, and it is remarkable to observe how quickly they have adapted themselves to the conditions of American life.

In other countries the idea of such men speaking freely in the newspapers would be preposterous, but here all of the three mentioned have become rich mines for the interviewers, and they not only talk their praises through the columns of the daily press, but accept invitations to address learned bodies, using every opportunity for expressing their great admiration for the American people.

In other countries it would be necessary for them to weigh and cultivate only the Court influences. Here they are obliged to take into account the sovereign force of public opinion. It is undoubtedly a new experience for them, and they must be highly interested in it. They have to deal with such men as President McKinley, Secretary Hay, and Senator Cushman K. Davis, the Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign affairs, who are all past-masters in the science of popularity—men who are apt to trust more to the voice of the country than to any theories which they may individually hold, and thus even through our public men we are educating the representatives of monarchy in the blessed influences of liberty and free government. In the meanwhile the sentiment among the people of this country against participation in any foreign difficulties or wars was never stronger than it is to-day. They believe in minding their own business.

PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON

COUNT DE CASSINI

PHOTO BY TAYLOR, WASHINGTON

JUTARO KOMURA

When Anglo-Saxon Meets Anglo-Saxon

There is a feeling in some quarters that the Anglo-Saxon is not only making a supreme effort to control the world, but that he is actually nearing the point of victory. The increase of the Anglo-Saxon speech, trade, power and population since the beginning of the century is one of the marvels of history. The showing is so large that its leaders and members freely predict that it must control every part of the earth. Thus in peaceful seasons we have much talk of a union between the United States and Great Britain, but it so happens that when any one speaks of this too confidently a feeling of opposition arises.

As a matter of fact, Anglo-Saxons are a bad people for any other race to tread upon or contend against, but they seem to be even more sensitive when any question comes between themselves. An illustration of this was found the other day when British warships seized merchant vessels containing cargoes of American goods. The seized ships were not American, but the goods were, and while the British put up a temporary contention that the food supplies were intended for the South African Republic, our State Department filed a protest as quickly as a cable could get it to London.

We really never fully outgrow our old quarrels, and this refers to nations as well as to individuals. One hundred years ago Great Britain maintained that it could confiscate neutral property as contraband, and Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson repudiated the idea. It was because the famous Jay treaty allowed outrages of this sort to a certain extent that the people arose in their wrath, and it was all that President Washington, who accepted it, could do to escape their indignation, although he did it only because he believed that it was the only way to avoid another war. But the people were not satisfied, and later the war of 1812 brought out their sentiments about the matter and taught Great Britain that she must respect rights upon the seas. Of course these latest seizures are nothing like as serious as those of a century ago, but there is no question about the feeling that they aroused among our people.

However powerful politics and passions may be in these closing days of the century, trade in reality rules the world, and to interfere with its rights is to set in force the machinery of diplomacy or of war. Of course there was no likelihood of any serious difficulty with Great Britain, but she was told that she must let American goods alone unless they regularly belong to her through gift or purchase. And thus has come the reply of the British Foreign Office to the United States. As condensed by Secretary Hay and officially bulletined by the State Department it was as follows: "The British position as to the vessels and hostile destination is that they can only be considered contraband of war if supplying the enemy's forces, it not being sufficient that they are capable of being so used, but it must be shown that this was their destination at the time of seizure. This qualification virtually concedes the American contention that the goods were not subject to seizure, and practically disavows the seizures, it not being claimed that there is any evidence of hostile destination." And thus the United States scored again in diplomacy and humanity. Indeed, it is hard to see how the world could get along without Uncle Sam! He increases the blessings of peace, and mitigates the misfortunes of war.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

THOMAS N. HART

The Excellent Luck of Mayor Hart

Mayor Thomas N. Hart, of Boston, conducted his own campaign in a masterly manner. The situation was peculiarly delicate. Normally, Boston is Democratic, but at the December elections there was a bolting wing of the Democracy that threatened at the first sign of a mistake or the utterance of an unwise sentiment to return its allegiance to the Democratic candidate. Mr. Hart therefore planned for a short campaign with few speeches. There were no mistakes, and the bolting Democracy elected Mr. Hart

When it was "all over but the shouting," Mr. Hart, in conversation with one of the Republican leaders, said.

"This campaign reminds me of the old Southern darky who was brought before the court for stealing chickens."

"In what way?" some one asked

"Why, the Judge asked the old man, looking at him sharply and speaking in his sternest manner: 'Were you ever in court before for stealing chickens?'

"'No, sah,' said the colored brother with a grin. 'I 'se been mighty lucky, sah.'

"And so have I," said Mr. Hart with a hearty laugh.

Alexander MacArthur's Surprise-Party

Alexander MacArthur, author of a successful study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, which brought to the writer both popularity and profit, is also the pupil and biographer of Rubinstein and is a close friend of Paderewski. The author lived for two years in St. Petersburg, corresponding for the London press, and taking part in some thrilling adventures, but the most singular of the writer's experiences happened in Chicago after the novel had been brought out by a publisher of that city. The book had been so successful that the publisher decided to give the author a dinner to which a dozen of the leading men of letters in the Lake City were invited. The guests had assembled when the author was announced

Through the blue haze of smoke there appeared a handsome young woman attired in evening dress.

"We are expecting Mr. MacArthur," said the host; "Mr. Alexander MacArthur, the novelist."

"So I understood," returned the unexpected guest. "I am Alexander MacArthur."

"You?" gasped the publisher

"Yes. Didn't you know? I am Lillian MacArthur, at your service. I have been writing over the name of Alexander even since I left my home in Dublin

It was only the work of a minute to rearrange affairs, and the dinner was a great success.

What Mr. Cummings Would Have Done

Before Amos J. Cummings was a Congressman he was managing editor of the New York Sun, editor and founder of the Evening Sun, and President of the New York Press Club. During his many years of active journalistic work Mr. Cummings' paper was first and foremost in his mind. That is one reason why he was always at the top of the profession. He unconsciously illustrated this characteristic at a social function of the Press Club. There were several amateur and two or three professional entertainers present. One of the latter was reciting a dramatic incident with marked force and finished elocution. Mr. Cummings sat at the head of the table deep in thought over the next day's paper.

"The murderer crept up to my bedside," whispered the elocutionist tremulously. "He thought I was asleep. But I was awake. Oh, awake! Hours passed between each tick of the watch under my pillow. He looked into my face and raised his keen knife above my head. Just as he was about to strike I heard a low whistle and the desperado leaped from the room and disappeared out of the window. Now, sir, what do you suppose I did then?" he asked in thunderous tones

Mr. Cummings came to for a moment. "I'd have hustled down to my office and written it up for my paper," he replied in a matter-of fact way.

The True Explanation of a War-Time Coincidence

The law of coincidence works wonders During the blockade of Santiago Admiral Sampson and his officers were sitting, one more than sultry day, upon the deck of the flagship New York It was too hot for conversation, and almost for thought. The fighters simply blinked and glared. The silence was broken by one who said, "Next to having a brush with the Spaniards, I'd like to have a Georgia watermelon

The suggestion brought a smile to every face, which widened when the Admiral echoed, "A watermelon? I want two for myself."

A moment afterward the Quartermaster announced the arrival of a boat from a supply-ship which had just come in from New York City, and added, "The boat is full of Georgia watermelons off the ice

Red tape was disregarded, and soon all on board, from Admiral down, were having one of the most enjoyable feasts of the entire war. When it was over the officers tried to find how it was that their wishes were so promptly answered, but although they came near the truth they never learned the true story of the coincidence

Mrs. Van Brunt, a New York artist and a member of many of the patriotic organizations which were brought into being by the Spanish-American War, heard one day of the excitement produced on the Texas by the arrival of a large but somewhat dilapidated watermelon from home. The story touched her, and the same day she secured several barrels of the choicest fruit and shipped them by the first supply-ship going to Santiago. The Captain of the vessel was courteous and obliging, and when told of the consignment put every one of the melons on ice and agreed to send them to the Texas the moment she arrived at her destination, and in the event of the Texas not being there to present them to the Admiral in charge

But the voyage was swift, and, as luck would have it, the supply-ship passed the Texas on the Cuban coast

Convincing Evidence for Madame Ruegger

Mlle. Elsa Ruegger, the Swiss 'cellist who is touring this country, was born in Lucerne. Her father is a Government official. Before she was twelve years old her parents decided to send her to the Royal Academy at Brussels for a musical education. She first played in public at a charity concert when she was eleven years old. Two years later she left the Academy, having received many medals and prizes She first made a tour through Switzerland and from her native land she went to Germany. In the latter country she met with great enthusiasm. After one of her performances in Berlin she was presented with a necklace and bracelet from the Emperor and Empress. Mlle. Ruegger in appearance somewhat resembles Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress. Like Madame Duse, she has a penchant for the mystical and occult. Her mother, who travels with her, is very much exercised over these fads

MLLE. ELSA RUEGGER

"Does she believe in them?" a caller asked

"Oh, I don't know. I think she does."

"Do you believe in them?"

"Now you ask me a hard question. The palmists, astrologers and phrenologists my daughter and I have met are certainly wonderful people. Do you know every one of them says my daughter Elsa is a genius?"

COL. SIDNEY M. HEDGES

A Joke the Boston Ancients Tell

The visit to the United States next June of the Honorable Artillery Company of London will be an event of more than ordinary importance The man upon whom the task of doing the honors will fall is Colonel Sidney M. Hedges, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, whose guests the London visitors will be during their stay

When the Boston Ancients were in England in 1896 as guests of the London Artillery the members were entertained every moment. It happened one afternoon that Colonel Hedges and a large company of friends were invited to Marlborough House by the Prince of Wales. Now the Princess and her daughters had never met Colonel Hedges, but they thought more highly than ever of the Massachusetts society that claimed as one of its members an ex President They had taken the Colonel for Grover Cleveland

The story leaked out through Lord Denbigh at a dinner at the Prince of Wales Club just at the time when all good stories come to the surface. The joke tickled Colonel Hedges immensely, and by his friends who were in the secret he has been slyly called "Grover" ever since.

A Meteorological Surname

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, has a magnificent voice. An Englishman said to him one day, "Doctor, how do you pronounce your name?

The Doctor was somewhat taken aback, but answered with dignity and some force, "Think of a cloud, sir, a dark, storm cloud.'

"Thank you, Doctor; but you need not use the voice of thunder to carry out the illustration"

A Novel Way to Dig Canals

Prince Hohenlohe is a strong advocate of Emperor William's scheme for a great ship canal which will connect the interior of Germany with the ocean. In discussing the subject with one of the Agrarian nobles who opposes the project the latter said "Your Excellency, you will find the opposition to be a rock in the path of your canal."

The Prince's eyes twinkled as he retorted, "We'll imitate the prophet Moses, smite the rock, and then the water will flow."

A Tree Like a Grocery Store

Admiral Von Diederichs, the new executive of the Imperial German Navy, is not the cold, calculating personage depicted by the American press when he annoyed Admiral Dewey in the summer of 1898 at Manila. Those who know him well describe him as a highly educated, well-bred officer with a large fund of good nature. At Ceylon, while eating breadfruit for the first time, one of his staff who was a naturalist said

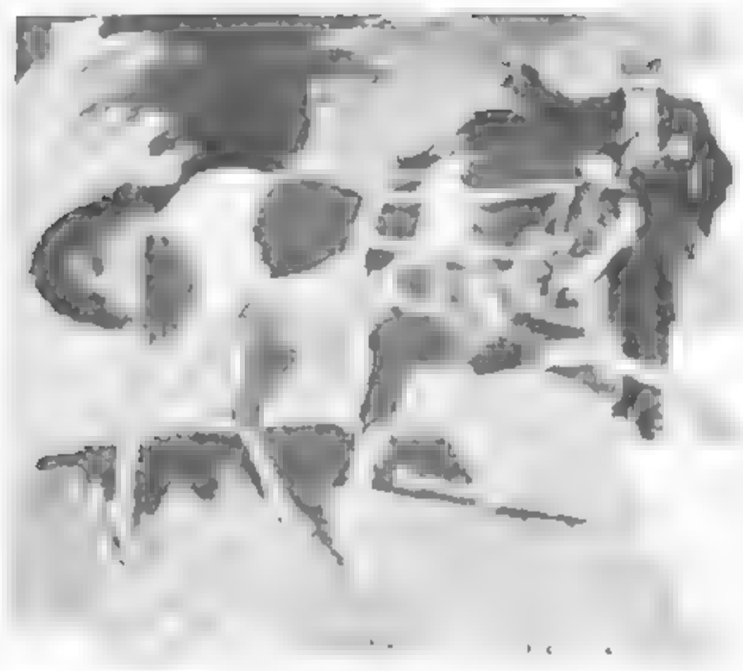
"The tree, besides supplying breadfruit, also produces a nutritious oil or vegetable grease

The Admiral looked up. "Why not call it the bread and butter fruit tree?"

Not According to the Regulations

Lord Roberts, the British commander in South Africa, is very popular among the rank and file, who usually refer to him as "Bobs" He began his career in 1851 as a Second Lieutenant in the artillery, and fought and worked his way up with remarkable success. No one better understands "Tommy Atkins." When near a barracks in India one day he was annoyed by several terriers belonging to the soldiers. The owners rushed forward, kicked the quadrupeds, and humbly apologized for their pets' misdeeds. The Colonel listened and then said

"They undoubtedly make good sentries, but I don't like the way they salute their superior officers



Training Animals and Performers

From the Notes of W. C. Coup ◆ Edited by Forrest Crissey

THE awe inspired in the breast of the average country man by the "daring act" of the lion tamer is well founded. Long years of familiarity with this feature of the show business have not served to dampen my sense of admiration for the grit of a man who does not flinch to enter the cage of any fierce animal and prove man's mastery over the brute creation. In justification of this sentiment I have only to point to the professional animal trainers of long experience. If there is one of them who does not bear on his body the marks of his encounters with his savage pupils he is a rare exception to the rule. The whole fraternity is physically ragged and tattered—torn and mutilated by the teeth of beasts they have trained. I have never ceased to marvel that men will deliberately choose to follow the subjugation of animals as a profession, particularly when they have only to look upon the veterans in the business to behold a ghastly and discouraging array of ragged ears, of split noses, of shredded limbs and lacerated trunks. But all these substantial warnings the novice and the past master in the art of "working" animals alike only laugh and scout the idea of danger or dread. At least, this is their attitude in private conversation, when not attempting to make an impression on the minds of their auditors.

If all animals subjected to training were even in disposition, and did not have their ugly moods, the same as their human lords, the principal element of danger to trainers would be removed. Unfortunately, it is the universal testimony of the men who have devoted their lives to the training of these creatures that the most docile, obedient and friendly carnivorous creature is sure to be in an ugly humor sooner or later, and then is the great time of test. These sudden, unexpected and abnormal moods in the animals handled are responsible for having sent scores of good trainers to early graves.

THE PERILS OF A TRAINER'S LIFE

Let us suppose an animal to be even tempered. This means he is always at his maximum of ugliness. He shows every day the worst that is in him, and the trainer knows the limit of what to expect in that direction. But animals are not constituted that way. They are generally on their good behavior, or at least have an astonishing reserve of ferocity to be vented on the hapless trainer when the day of abnormal ill humor comes—provided, of course, the trainer is not discerning enough to detect the gathering storm.

In no other profession is eternal vigilance so surely the price of safety. There is nothing more certain than the fate of the trainer who once relaxes the intensity of his vigilance. Just as surely as he throws himself off guard the animal he is working will get him. This is an accepted rule among those who train and perform with animals. Of course, it often appears to the outsider that the men handling ferocious animals are off their guard and nonchalantly indifferent to the creatures in the cage. But the experienced animal-man knows better. The fact that a trainer or performer allows two or three lions to pass behind his back might seem to indicate that watchfulness is not necessary, and that creatures naturally ferocious may at least sometimes be considered absolutely on their good behavior—trusted with a man's life without being subjected to the slightest surveillance. In nine cases of every ten a momentary adherence to this departure would result in disaster.

WHERE STEADY NERVES ARE IN DEMAND

The best men of the profession I have ever known have all assured me that the stupidest animal is quicker to detect the slightest relaxation of a trainer's watchfulness than is the keenest trainer to observe the abnormal and hostile mood of his pupils. For this reason no trainer or performer should be allowed to enter a cage unless he is in a normal frame of mind—sober, in full command of all his faculties, and not subject to any distracting influence.

Most of the tragedies of the profession are chargeable to a disobedience to this rule. The unfailing brute instinct at once detects the fact that the trainer has let down the bars of his mind, and then comes the long delayed attack.

Never do I tire of watching a good trainer work his animals, especially those fresh from their native wilds and full of snap and spirit. What sport more splendid and royal can man imagine than that of placing his life in imminent peril for the purpose of putting a wild beast—a creature far his superior in strength, in swiftness of movement and in all round fighting power—in complete subjection to his will! It is truly a sport for a King.

CAPTURED ANIMALS PREFERRED TO CAGE-BORN

The only universal rule for working animals recognized by all trainers is this: First, *show* the creature what you wish, and then *make* him do it. Easily said, but sometimes almost impossible in practice. I have yet to find any other line of human effort demanding such unwearying patience and application, shifty tact and unflagging alertness. All of these mental qualities are brought into activity during every moment that a trainer is working his animals. And not for an instant may he safely slacken his courage or control. A stout heart is his only safety. To go into a cage in a state of fear is recognized among these men as a foolhardy undertaking.

My observation is that trainers almost universally prefer captured animals to those born in captivity, so far as work for the purposes are concerned. This preference is founded on practical experience—for your animal trainer is little inclined to theorize or experiment in his work. The answer which my trainers have invariably returned to questions on this point of animal nature has been: The wild animal is afraid of man, recognizes him as a strange, dangerous enemy, and is willing to make a safe retreat from him. The carnivorous beast born in captivity is accustomed to the daily sight of man, and has not the wholesome and instinctive fear of him that dwells in the breast of the free born denizen of the jungle. On the other hand, the cage born creature soon learns all the mean, treacherous and savage traits of its race.

Then the trainers declare that the jungle reared animals are more intelligent and active, and therefore make better performers. This I have no reason to doubt. Leopards are the least in favor among trainers, and the latter prefer to undertake the education of lions rather than tigers, as the former have more stability of disposition, and lack the element of treachery which seems so universally a characteristic of cat nature.

THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNG JAGUAR

The first active step which a trainer takes in the education of an animal which has never been handled is to test its temper. I recall very distinctly watching an excellent trainer working a leopard and a jaguar from start to finish. No man had ever been into the cage along with these vicious brutes before "Frenchy," as we called this crack trainer, laughingly took up his tools and slipped gracefully through the iron door which closed behind him with a sharp bang. Realizing that these animals, which were full grown, belonged to the most spiteful and treacherous of the cat kind, I scrutinized the face of Frenchy to see if I could possibly detect the slightest sign of inward anxiety or disturbance. Not the slightest evidence could I see to indicate that he approached his dangerous task with a particle more excitement than any business man feels in going to his daily work.

As he slipped into the cage he thrust before him an ordinary kitchen chair of light, hard wood. This was held in his left hand by gripping two of the central spindles of the back, thereby obtaining an excellent purchase which enabled him easily to hold the chair outstretched with its legs pointed directly at the animals. In his right hand he carried a short iron training-rod. The only other article which he used in his first lesson was a stout, movable bracket, which could be instantly hooked upon any of the horizontal bars which extended the length of the cage in front.

The instant the trainer faced his pupils there was a regular feline explosion—a medley of snarls, growls and hisses. And the way those spotted paws slapped and cuffed the rounds of the extended chair which served as a shield to Frenchy's legs was something to be remembered. Never before had I seen such a startling exhibition of feline quickness as in this preliminary skirmish between master and pupils. The latter's claws seemed to be everywhere in a moment and played a lively tattoo on the shield and against the point of the rod with which the trainer protected himself. During all this excitement the trainer was apparently as unconcerned as if standing safely outside the cage. However, he did make some lively thrusts with his rod as the leopard attempted to dash under the legs of the chair.

While one of the beasts was engaged in carrying on an offensive warfare, the other would invariably attempt to sneak behind the trainer. How alert the latter was to the movements of the creature which apparently claimed little of his attention was impressed on me by the fact that every time the crouching animal attempted to steal past the trainer he was met with the quick, sidewise thrusts of the prod, which sent him back spitting and hissing into the corner.

THE LEOPARDS AT KINDERGARTEN

In less than half an hour the leopard and the jaguar seemed to realize that they, and not the man, were on the defensive. Their savage dashes were less frequent, and they were more inclined to crouch close to the floor and lash their tails in sullen defiance. Then it was that Frenchy began his first attempt at teaching them. Hooking the movable bracket upon one of the lower rounds about three feet from the floor of the cage, he made a forward movement toward the animals, veering a little to the side opposite the bracket. The creatures had long been attempting to get past him, and now their opportunity had apparently come.

Together they made a rush to run under the projecting bracket. Quick as a flash, however, the trainer was back again in his old place, and the head of the foremost animal struck the rounds of the chair. This checked the leopard's progress for a moment, but the creature was not given a jab of the rod as before. Instead, the chair was slightly withdrawn, with the result that the spotted cat instantly bounded upon the narrow bracket—precisely the result at which the trainer had been aiming.

Before the leopard was fully aware of what was transpiring, Frenchy reached forth his training rod and rubbed it caressingly along the creature's back from head to tail. Of course the animal struck out spitefully with its paw, but the blows were received by the chair and did no harm, while the trainer had been able to bestow upon his ferocious pupil a caressing touch of approval.

Even at that early stage in the education of the animal I fancied I could see an understanding of this commendatory stroke. Certainly within a week this sign was clearly understood, and never did one of the animals leap upon the bracket without receiving this token of approval. Before Frenchy came out of the cage on the occasion of this first experience with these two creatures his chair was splintered beyond repair. Backing out as deftly as he had entered, he leaned up against one of the posts in the winter quarters and remarked:

"Those cats will make good performers. They've got just enough fight in them. I don't mind working a leopard that's been captured, but I don't want anything to do with cats that have been born in a cage. By the time an animal has cuffed one chair to pieces I can generally size him up and get at his disposition. I don't mind a creature that's ready for war right at the start. The sulky, sullen brutes are the ones that keep a trainer in a perpetual state of suspicion.'

HOW THEY PUNISH UNRULY PUPILS

Most of the training is done while the animals are in winter quarters, the cages being generally arranged in a semicircle or along the wall, while the centre of the main room is occupied by a big ring or circular space inclosed by a very strong and high fence of iron bars. At first the animals are worked in their cages, later in the ring. Lounging about in

THE LEOPARD AND THE JAGUAR SEEMED TO REALIZE THAT THEY AND NOT THE MAN, WERE ON THE DEFENSIVE

front of the cages is a man with a long iron rod having a sharp point. The duty of this guard is to keep watch of all the cages where animals are being worked, and to be ready to come to the instant relief of any of the trainers who happen to get into trouble. Occasionally he assists them from the outside in various ways, as, for instance, by slipping his rod between the bars and heading off an animal which is attempting to sneak out of doing his trick. In the main, however, he is there to do heroic service in times of emergency

Should a lion, tiger or any other savage creature get a trainer down or fasten its teeth or claws into his body, the watchful guard on the outside is expected to plunge his spear into the animal or get it the cage with hot irons, if necessary. The use of heated irons is, of course, only justifiable in cases of extreme peril, but more than one trainer's life has been saved by recourse to this weapon, which quickly cows an infuriated creature which has had a taste of blood when nothing else will avail

PUNISHMENT OF TREACHEROUS BEASTS

I have already cited one cardinal rule recognized by all animal workers. There is one other just as universally accepted by the fraternity of trainers. This is, that any animal which has inflicted injury on a trainer must be punished until completely subjugated. This punishment must be given, if possible, by the one whom the creature has injured.

No doubt more than one trainer who has been half killed by a treacherous animal has been inclined to overlook this chastisement after recovering from his injuries. This, however, is regarded as professional treachery for it is practically certain that the rebellious animal that is not chastised in this manner will kill the next man who enters its cage. To neglect to show the brute which has injured you that you are its master is therefore according to the ethics of the profession, a deed of cowardice, and a sure way of bringing disaster upon any other person having the hardihood to trust himself in the power of an animal that has "downed" its trainer.

Of course some trainers are killed outright and others are so disabled in severe encounters that they are absolutely unable to continue in the service. Then the duty of inflicting the chastisement falls upon a new man, and you may rest assured he never looks forward to the job with any particular pleasure. There is but one course, however, and that is to beat the creature until it howls for mercy. Occasionally an animal famed for its splendid performances is suddenly and without any apparent reason retired from the program. As a performing animal is worth many times as much as one that has not been trained, this would seem a strange and unbusinesslike course on the part of the management.

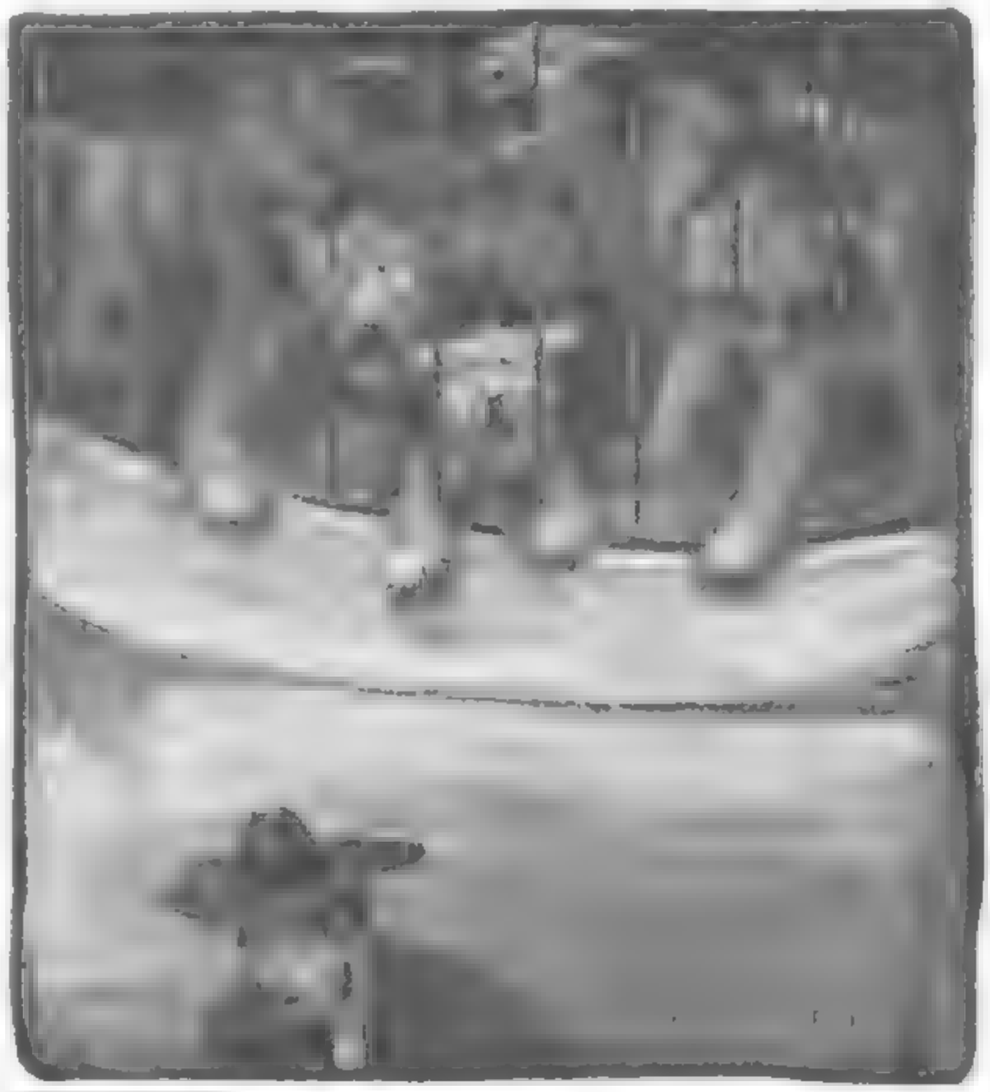
The outsider would immediately ask, "Why not continue the performance with this animal so long as it does not kill a man or conduct itself more savagely than many others of its kind which have the confidence of trainers and performers?"

The answer is very simple. The man handling the animal and knowing well its character has been able to discern a radical change in its disposition. He declares that the brute is no longer to be trusted, and any wise and humane showman who receives this kind of a warning from a reliable and efficient trainer or performer will retire the brute in question to a cage and leave it there. On the other hand, some animals which have tasted blood, and even "killed their man," are continued in the service. Why? Because the trainer who goes in to chastise them believes that he has been able to beat the animal into a permanent state of penitence, humility and wholesome fear, and to effectually obliterate the sense of triumph in the mind of the creature.

A SINGLE-HAND FIGHT WITH FIVE LIONS

Occasionally a foolish and intermeddling spectator will endeavor to show his brilliancy by experimenting with the animals. More than once this tendency has well-nigh cost a performer his life. I recall one instance when a performer was doing an act in a cage containing five lions. He had just begun his work, and the lions had taken their positions. In the middle of the cage, facing him, was one large lion and at either end sat two others. Of course a big crowd had collected in front of the cage and was pressing heavily against the guard ropes. Suddenly a countryman of the smart kind was seized with a desire to distinguish himself and attract a little attention. Slipping inside the ropes, he stooped down and took up the ragged little dog that was crouching at his heels. The instant he lifted the cur up to the level of the cage every lion gave out a roar and made a wild leap for the yellow mongrel.

For a few moments the performer was completely lost to view, buried underneath the writhing bodies of the infuriated lions. Of course the animal men outside made a rush for the cage door, but before they could reach it with their irons in hand the plucky performer was on his feet again and fighting his own battle. A tooth or a claw had split his nose and upper lip, and the tattered condition of his clothing indicated that he had suffered severely. Although his face was bathed in blood, he stood his ground and plied his rod on the heads and noses of the growling beasts until they were momentarily driven back. But they had tasted blood and were furious. Before he could reach the door they were at him again, and in the onslaught his right arm and hip were frightfully lacerated. His grit, however, was indomitable, and he struck and jabbed right and left like a gladiator. Finally the howls of pain from the lions revealed the fact that he was getting the upper hand of them, and at last they were driven howling and whining into the corners of the cage and he backed out of the door. No sooner was he safely outside the cage than he became unconscious.



EVERY LION GAVE OUT A ROAR AND MADE A WILD LEAP

It was a good thing for the countryman whose folly had stirred up the lions that he contrived to make his escape from the grounds before the circus men got hold of him. This incident is simply typical of hundreds of others perhaps more interesting and exciting. It will, however, serve to indicate the constant perils that surround the trainer or performer, many of which arise from sources over which he has no control.

I have often been asked if the training of animals does not quite generally involve considerable cruelty. This, it seems to me, may fairly be answered in the negative, although one exception should be made. Though great firmness must be shown in working wild animals, and frequent and severe chastisements are called for, there is nothing essentially cruel in the method of training. This, however, cannot be said of the methods generally followed by the trainers of horses.

I can never forget how forcibly and painfully this exception was brought home to me. In company with Mr. Costello I had brought from Texas and New Mexico a herd of beautiful pinto ponies, or bronchos. They were handsome piebald creatures, and apparently very intelligent, although desperately wild. From a herd of about forty we picked out sixteen to be educated for the ring. About ten miles out of Chicago we put up a convenient stable and engaged one of the most celebrated trainers in the United States. In the course of a few weeks the animals became accustomed to having men about them, and then I told the trainer to begin his work.

I had never watched a trainer work horses for the ring and I was greatly interested to see how it was done. The method was so cruel that I told the trainer if he could not invent a method which inflicted less torture he might quit and we would have the horses sold. He had not the ingenuity or patience to devise a more humane method, and consequently retired from the field, leaving his assistant to work out the problem under my directions. This we finally succeeded in doing with fair results, but the method followed by the trainer is a more general one.

TEACHING A HORSE THE TWO-STEP

In teaching a horse to dance, the master would strike the poor animal above the fetlock, and this would produce a painful swelling. The result was that in a very short time the motion of the stick, in time with the music, would cause the horse to raise its foot. Before the swollen limb was healed the performance was repeated so frequently that the animal did not need the incentives of fear and pain to cause him to keep step with the music.

Jumping the rope is taught in nearly the same manner, a chain being attached to two long sticks swinging back and forth, striking the horse just below the knee. As a man was stationed on each side of him, the poor horse had no way of retreat, and was compelled to jump in order to escape the blow from the swinging bar. A horse is taught to roll an object or to push open a door in a very simple manner, and without cruelty. One man stands in front of the horse and another behind him, the three being stationed in a passage way too narrow for the horse to turn. After standing a bit in this way, the man behind the horse gently slaps him on the back and urges him forward. Instinctively the horse pushes against the man in front, and the latter quickly moves along. In this manner the horse soon learns that by pushing against an object in front of him it may readily be forced out of his way. An intelligent spectator can always tell by the attitude of a horse toward its master whether it has been ill treated. If fear seems to be the governing motive it may be depended upon that the horse has been harshly dealt with; on the other hand, the very nature of the trick performed by the animal goes far to indicate whether fear or intelligence has been the main factor in acquiring the accomplishment displayed. If you see an animal open a trunk or drawer and pick out some article for which it has been sent, you may know that this feat is the result of an appeal to the creature's intelligence and not to its fear, for no amount of punishment could ever teach a thing of this kind.

RING PERFORMERS TRAINED WITH A DERRICK

Ring horses are generally irritated when the rider first stands upon their backs. Probably the action of the foot pulls the short hair; but the irritation ceases in a short time. Riders are first trained to do their tricks on the ground. When complete masters of themselves on the ground they are put upon the back of a horse having an even gait and a reliable disposition. To the performer's belt, at the back, is attached a stout rope which runs to the end of a strong arm or beam running out from a post set in the centre of the ring. This arm is swung around by a helper, who keeps the loose end of the rope in his hand in order to regulate the slack and prevent the young performer from having a heavy fall should he lose his footing. Again and again the rider is pulled up just in time to prevent him from falling under the hoofs of his horse. He is swung forward, dangling from the arm of the derrick, until he regains his balance and his footing upon the back of his horse.

To describe in detail how every feat and specialty is taught would require a volume, but on general principles it may be said that all tricks are first learned on the ground, or at a safe and minimum elevation. Then when the performer has attained absolute self confidence and is wholly without fear he is allowed to swing higher, until he finally reaches the height required in the public performance.

CIRCUS PEOPLE A LONG-LIVED RACE

In the old days it was the general custom for the circus proprietors to put their own children into the business, teaching them to do everything in the acrobatic line, from bareback riding to trapeze and bar work and slack-rope and tight-rope walking. Many of them were also skilled musicians and could play several instruments in the band.

At the present day many persons not familiar with the inside life of the circus will no doubt be horrified to think that a man wealthy enough to own a big circus and menagerie would train his sons, and particularly his daughters, for the ring. Let me say on this score that I could name a long list of families in which this custom prevailed, and must say that the private and domestic life of these people was far above that of the average family in fashionable society. Almost invariably the members of each family were devoted to each other and were refined and intelligent. Many of the young women of these families married wealthy and cultured men, and retired from the circus business to become the mistresses of refined and happy homes. Many old showmen whose children were star performers carried accomplished teachers with them on the road, and the children were as well educated as if the entire time had been spent attending school.

Their training and work in the ring not only afforded them splendid physical exercise, but taught them patience, application, alertness, and many other valuable lessons which made their progress very rapid when it came to their lessons from books. It is a fact worthy of notice that the circus people are a long lived race. I can name almost a score of famous performers who have attained an age of more than eighty years. This would tend to show that circus work is quite as healthy as any other. I may add that the charge so frequently brought against showmen, that the training of children for the circus ring is cruel, is not well founded.

While I have seen many instances of cruelty in this connection, there is nothing in the work itself which necessitates hardship or harshness. In fact, quite the reverse is true. The child is the sooner trained into an ability to do a dangerous and daring feat through gentleness and encouragement. In other words, the more they overcome their fear in every direction the better able are they to swing from one trapeze to another, to walk the tight rope at a dizzy height, or to turn somersaults from the back of a galloping horse.

Editor's Note—In the series The Memories of an Old Showman, from the notes of the late W. C. Coup, this is the third paper. The first appeared in the issue of November 18. Others will follow in early numbers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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To Buyers of The Saturday Evening Post:

IF YOU have arranged to have THE SATURDAY EVENING POST delivered weekly at your house or office, and the newsdealer with whom your order has been placed is not serving you promptly and regularly, we should be glad to have a line from you, briefly stating the facts. And if you do not find the POST at your newsdealer's, or he is inadequately supplied, we should be glad to know that. The appreciation of the POST by the public has been so generous that we have been hard pressed to keep pace with the rapidly increasing demand. But we have been running our presses twenty-two hours a day—and are having a large number of new presses built—that the newsdealers may be adequately supplied and no buyer or subscriber disappointed.

It's cheaper to be on hand when the train starts than to overtake it with a special.

The Leading American Question

AN HONEST vote is still the greatest issue in American politics. When we think of the sacrifices that were made; of the good lives that were freely given; of the stress and strain of war and peace that the citizen might be sovereign, it seems incomprehensible that the pollution of the ballot-box should not only have continued through the century, but that it should have acquired a certain justification in the acquiescence of the people themselves. It is surely to our large discredit not only that every reform for the purity of the ballot has had to be fought with great patience and great vigor, but that it has had to be absolutely wrested from the forces of partisanship and corruption which had entrenched themselves in the strongholds of the States. The battle has been going on for years, and it is yet not more than half won. At the very time we are teaching other parts of the world the blessings of liberty and honest administration, millions of our own people at home are not doing what they can to compel the emancipation of the franchise from the bosses and corruptionists. On its face the situation seems absolutely absurd. If it were proposed that the right to vote should be taken from you, Mr. Citizen, you would not only invoke the courts, but you would be willing to fight as your forefathers did. Yet, what are you doing to protect that vote? When one of your party rascals cheats his way in, or buys his way in, you would hardly take the trouble to appear on the witness-stand against him, and possibly if you were a member of the Grand Jury you would be inclined to condone the act as belonging to the tricks of politics.

Of course, much has been done. Every State but two has the Australian ballot method, or some modification of it. But the modified Australian law is a very elastic and unsatisfactory arrangement. It generally has the name of that excellent measure with enough loopholes for the old rascalities. Just see how inharmonious the whole thing is! Three of the States do not even require registration of voters. In [illegible] registration is prohibited by constitutional provision. In half of them registration is required only in cities. In some of the others the registration is annual; in others every two years; in others every four or five years. In many of them are thousands of names which come to light only when used by repeaters at the polls. Qualifications for voting vary considerably, and the voting itself presents extraordinary differences. For instance, in the last election, Maryland and Mississippi, with about the same populations, voted for Governor. In Maryland the total vote was 244,695, while in Mississippi it was only 48,648. The last Presidential election drew out the highest vote the country had ever known, and yet Alabama, casting less than 200,000 votes, had 11 votes in the Electoral College, while Kansas, casting over 334,000, had only 10. Mississippi, casting about 70,000 votes, had 9 votes in the Electoral College, while Nebraska, casting over 220,000, had only 8. The total vote in the Presidential election was under 14,000,000, and Mr. McKinley's plurality of about 600,000 was unusually large; and yet there were enough votes outside the ballot-boxes to reverse the entire result, not only in the total vote polled, but in the Electoral College.

Compulsory voting is a dream which regularly finds its way into nearly every legislative body, and never gets beyond the committee-room. It is practically impossible to make a man do his higher duty by mere legislation. That is not what is needed for the good of the ballot. When a man knows absolutely that his vote is going to count for its full value, and that he can cast it with comfort, convenience and privacy, he will be more apt to vote than if there were a law providing a penalty for remaining away from the polls. And this reform of the ballot is so simple a matter that it can be accomplished at once and for all time if the people would only determine that it shall be done. Ballot reform is really a mere matter of mechanics. Fence the voter in and fence the briber out; give the voter plenty of room and keep the party workers a safe distance from the booth. Add to this compulsory secrecy in the marking and casting of the ballot, and the whole thing is done. Even if entirely honest judges cannot be secured at first, enough of them can be put in jail to serve as object-lessons to any others who would follow their example. But what the country needs in order to make the reform complete is that sentiment which holds the man who corrupts the ballot as the meanest and most contemptible scoundrel of the land, whether he be a mere tool in the hands of others or a boss worth millions, in or out of Congress.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

When in doubt the average American either votes the independent ticket or goes on an excursion.

Geography from a Car Window

KNOWING one's own country, like knowing one's self, is a matter of distances and perspectives. Looking at the map and becoming familiar with the shore-lines, the courses of rivers, the situations of towns and cities, and the peripheries of States and counties, can afford but small knowledge touching the real features of a continent. True, we might easily recognize a mountain peak or a stretch of headlands by reference to a small photograph; but when we come to climb the height or walk some miles along the sea-washed and wind-swept bluff there comes an understanding vastly deeper and greater than could have been even vaguely suggested by the most truthful descriptions and pictures, maps and tables of distances. Landscapes, sea-reaches, horizons, hills, valleys, towns, cities, countrysides, have a way of informing us directly and immediately—they give us a thousand details not down in the best guide-books.

On the map the little space between St. Louis and Philadelphia looks scarcely worth considering; but undertake the journey across it by the ancient stage-coach and the distance will gradually grow and grow, until midway of it the task undertaken will burden every nerve of the body and discourage every well of mental energy. We begin to realize, under such a strain, what the smaller areas of our country may be. Day after day we plod along; at every stopping-place we look at the map to see where we are, and our progress is slower, it seems, than that of a snail!

But it is when we set our faces Southward or Westward and fly by rail that the splendor of distances truly dazzles us. Perhaps a winter sweep toward the Gulf of Mexico from a high Northern point affords the most sudden realization of America's greatness of extent. A day of snow and ice, the wind blowing fiercely from a Boreal cave, the thermometer cruelly boasting its ability to dive many degrees below zero, the hills white, the trees bare, the sky like blue ice, the sun a mere twinkle on the far Southern sky-slope—and in one's pocket a bit of pasteboard good for a seat in a railway parlor-car all the way to the Gulf shore; a long whistle-blast, and then a rush down the slope of the world.

Twenty-four hours later, after a night of broken sleep in a narrow and shallow berth, we look forth and see palm trees gliding and whirling backward past us. Where are we? Is this Asia? Africa? Have we leaped a space of sea and struck a tropical island? The car-porter informs us that we are in Louisiana, or Southern Mississippi, or Texas, or Florida. When he opens the window a fragrant breath of pine and salt marsh puffs in, and we hear one of Sidney Lanier's odes singing itself in our mind. Yonder is a pleasant cottage in the midst of an orange grove; there are great masses of roses in full blow on a trellis of the veranda.

This is our country. Yesterday it was a frozen land, blizzard tortured, snow-heaped, leafless, barren; to-day it is a region of summer with all the sweetness of June in December. Distance enforces its deepest significance upon us, the grandeur of our national estate awes us, and at the same time charms us strangely. In the "globe-trotter's" eye our journey looks small—only a thousand miles or so—but to the thoughtful patriot there is a meaning in what these distances compass. These miles flung behind during our flight of twenty-four hours measure far more than mere geography and climate: the people are measured; manners, customs, industries, aspirations are measured. From far off yonder on Puget Sound or by the Golden Gate, from the stark hills of Maine, a little flight, as time goes, sweeps us by almost every variety of surface and soil and people.

Magnificent distances, indeed, are the measures of our domain, and every American should realize them fully before wandering in foreign lands.

—MAURICE THOMPSON

Travel to learn and learn to travel.

The Fate of Irony

AMONG the sad, familiar commonplaces of life is the fact that no human being ever perfectly understands another. Any difference in knowledge, capacity or antecedents is enough to disturb a perfect correspondence between speaker and hearer. I say X and mean X: but if *you* had said X you would have meant X + a or X — a; consequently [illegible] that I mean X + a or X — a. People, however, [illegible] about with the pathetic illusion that they are understood, and many pairs of them really believe that they are "one." The philosopher knows that they are not, that when they seem to say or to desire the same thing the thought is different.

A familiar and elementary fact of life, and yet though all this is so, though even when a man tries his utmost to say what he really thinks, some different thought will certainly be attributed to him, people are actually found who deliberately say what they do not think and yet expect their real thoughts to be discovered! When once a habit of irony has grown upon a man he cannot resist it, however frequent his experience that he will be taken literally. Statistically worked out, the proportion of the race that understands irony is roughly .00000001. But you can never persuade the ironical man that he will be taken seriously; editors in particular are always trying to persuade him. The ironical man expounds some monstrous heresy by way of a joke: immediately he is surrounded by an infuriated crowd which has put him down for a monstrous heretic. In vain does he declare that he was only in fun; if the subject-matter is serious he will very likely be persecuted to the end of his life. But he goes on his ironical path incorrigible. I am not sure, indeed, that if he does succeed in convincing people that he was in fun his case will not be even worse. For then he will never be allowed to be in earnest; nobody will credit him with sincerity, and at his most sincere moment he will merely be thought guilty of an unusually poor joke.

Disraeli was a great master of irony, and much of the misunderstanding and distrust there were of him came from that fact. Here is a trivial but significant instance. He was once showing Sir William Harcourt, or some other important person, over Hughenden, and remarked as a mild joke against himself, Hughenden being but a small place: "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor." I have seen that remark quoted hundreds of times, and every time as an instance, not of playfulness at his own expense, but of ridiculous pomposity.

Lord Salisbury is another ironical person, and I notice that the confidence England places in him generally seems to be slightly diminished when he has made a speech. It is your absolutely matter of fact man with whom people feel secure. A part of the odium which Byron incurred, and which to us seems so strange, was probably due to his habit, in mere humor and good spirits, of falling in with his critics' preconceived idea that he was a very wicked man. I myself—to come to insignificant things—pay two penalties to this day for having written an ironical little book: part of that portion of the human race which has read it insisting that I *meant* it all *in propria persona*, and the other part (which has very kindly gone through the labor of finding out that I meant to be funny) refusing to believe that I ever mean to be anything else. When *my* tragedy—— But my space is full.

—G. S. STREET.

The quickest way to solve the trust problem is to make every voter a stockholder in the monopolies.

The God of Battles

MAN is the only animal that wars upon his own species. The fact has long been used as a reproach, but it really indicates the essential difference between man and brute. The physical life which man has in common with the brute he will sacrifice for an idea, whereas the brute simply obeys his individual appetite and fights for its satisfaction. The distinction shows that in his moral and intellectual nature man is of another order of existence than the brute.

Despite all the miseries which attend war, it really seems to be a part of the moral discipline of the human race, for all philosophic inquirers agree that civilization is to a large extent a military product. There is no instance in history of a people rising in the scale through the arts of peace alone. Mr. Herbert Spencer, while holding that the evolution of a pacific and industrial type of civilization is the true goal of progress, admits that warfare originally developed the habits of discipline and order without which the existence of civilized communities would be impossible.

But if character has been formed and heroic virtues developed through warfare, the same may be said of the general conflict between good and evil in which man's whole existence plays its part; and even though evil abounds that grace may more abound, yet evil is none the less evil to be condemned, and the sentiment that abhors war and labors against it is well founded.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

Americans *in* Paris

LAST year the City of Philadelphia bought for the Wilstach collection one of the most important pictures exhibited in the Salon in many a day. It was the Annunciation, by H. O. Tanner. This young man belongs to that race of which the great novelist, Dumas, was the glory: he is a mulatto. Beard and hair are crinkly; his regular, thin and handsome features are yellow. He was born in Philadelphia, learned there the rudiments of his craft—with Aikens and at the Academy of Fine Arts—and then, in 1892, came to Paris to study with Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens. Four years later he sent his first picture to the Salon, where it received an "honorable mention." The picture was the revelation of a new talent at once mystic and realistic. It was a Daniel in the Lions' Den—grim, crouching beasts, and a man leaning in the shadow of a brick wall. And it was the Orient and it was the Bible, and it was art as modern as that of Whistler. There was race in it—a quality new to Biblical painting. His next picture was bought by the French Government. The young mulatto had "arrived," as they say here. He ranks with the great religious painters of the century, and he won his triumph in five years.

MADEMOISELLE LA MARQUISE OF BEANPOT

THERE is an American in Paris whose sole authentic name is Beanpot, though she is also known as "the daughter of the Colony." I had the pleasure of meeting her the other day, and she sat on my knee and looked at me with solemn eyes and said: "My real name is Beanpot; that's all I know." This was not quite true, for she knows the French irregular verbs and a great many other things, but, for all that, it was just what she should have said, as you shall see.

Four years ago a queer little American made his appearance in Paris. His name was Hubert or Herbert or Gilbert, or something of the sort; no one knows quite what it was. He haunted the studios of the Latin Quarter, for he had invented an adjustable picture frame. It was made of collapsible tubes, and was really quite extraordinary. He had no money and he could not speak French, but he had come to Paris to sell his adjustable frame to the painters. He must have been a hopeful man. He had brought his wife and baby with him. For months he pestered the artists with his absurd frame; they knew he was a nuisance and thought he was a trifle crazy. Finally, growing raggeder and leaner, he begged for work of any kind. He wanted to run errands—though he did not know Paris and could not speak French—to sweep out the studios, to do anything. Some of the artists helped him—Faulkner, who painted those wonderful Venice pictures; Flanagan, the sculptor; Seymour Thomas, Tanner, and a few other Americans. But they did not know about the wife and they did not know about the child—and then there are in Paris many Americans with broken fortunes and tilted wits. Early one morning when Faulkner came to his studio in the Impasse du Maine he found the little frame-maker shivering on his doorstep.

"My wife's dying," said the little man, "there alone—will you come?"

A moment later they were in a cab. They came to the house. It was in the Rue Boissonade, near the Observatory. The room was at the top, and there they found a woman dead in bed and a little girl of three crying on the floor. The artist went out for assistance. He sent the *concierge* of the house up to the death-chamber. He secured a doctor, why he does not know. It was perhaps half an hour before he returned. The sheet was drawn up over the dead woman's face. By the bedside sat the old *concierge* holding in her arms the little child. The little frame-maker was gone. Since then he has not been seen. He simply dropped out of knowledge, if not out of life.

When they asked the little girl her name she said "Beanpot." After the funeral a few of the American artists determined to provide for this American country-woman. They formed the Beanpot Club. Once a month they meet in one of the studios and smoke pipes and make sketches, and, before separating, they auction the pictures off to each other, and the money is put away for Beanpot. She is seven years old now, a dark little girl, with solemn eyes and a pretty, womanly face. She lives with an old woman who lives in an old lodge at the gates of an old studio building. From eight in the morning until four in the afternoon she goes to school and knows the irregular verbs and speaks French like a little Marquise. When she grows up (she says) she intends to paint horses and dogs and cats. Perhaps it is just as well she should learn to paint something, for her whole inheritance is made up of a few rusty iron tubes—the "adjustable picture frame" that will not adjust.

GENERAL PORTER KEPT IN COUNTENANCE

MORE important than the Beanpot Club (though I am not sure that it does any more good) is the American University Club, made up of exiles who have attained to the dignity of sheepskins. It is four years old, and the other night it gave a dinner at the Hotel Continental. General Horace Porter presided, and was kept in countenance by M. Paul Ribot, a former Prime Minister of France. Among the guests were M. de Ricaudy, who discovered the grave of John Paul Jones; Professor J. C. Freeman, of Wisconsin University, and Patrick Geddes, of St. Andrews. But the guest of honor was a slim, dandified man, with a little, dark mustache and an eyeglass with a thick black cord—Henri de Régnier, the poet. He is to be next year's Hyde lecturer at Harvard, and he will tell you all about Mallarmé and Verlaine, symbolists, decadents, egoists, and all the other little schools of French poetry.

And this is quite right. No one knows better than M. de Régnier all these schools of verse. He has belonged to them all. With unflagging enthusiasm he has followed every leader who has come to the front during twenty years, even Walt Whitman. And so, though it has been his misfortune never to be quite himself, he has written volumes of good poetry. Withal, he has had his duels and all that. A few years ago he married a daughter of José Maria de Hérédia, who is himself a poet and a son of that Cuban poet whom Bryant praised. Some day M. de Régnier will be a member of the Academy, and thus one fortieth part immortal.

GALLIC SYMPATHY FOR THE BOERS

IF YOU were to take a plebiscite of the American women in Europe you would find that nine-tenths of them are in sympathy with the stout little burghers of the Transvaal in that far-away war. Doctor Nevin, the well known American pastor of Rome, has spoken for Italy, and I can answer for France. So far as German countries go, the subscriptions to the Red Cross speak louder than words. Of course in London the American women, titled and untitled, have fitted out a hospital ship, the Maine, to sail under the English flag; but on this side of the channel the womanly sympathy has gone to the weaker side. Perhaps it is natural. Certainly it is beautiful.

One of these American women has found mere money giving unsatisfying. She has equipped an ambulance, and by the time you read this will be on her way to Pretoria. This lady, years ago, was Miss Agnes Le Clerq Joy, of Washington. There in the early sixties she married the Prince Felix von Salm-Salm. He fought through your American war and she served among the nurses. In the Franco-Prussian War the Prince held a high command and the Princess Agnes accompanied an ambulance. And so the danger and hardships she will find in Africa will not be new to her. She knows what she has to face. Not only did the Princess Salm-Salm equip the ambulance, but she engaged a corps of German physicians and nurses. In the Franco-Prussian War her heroism won for her the Iron Cross. The little Boer Republics have no dignities to bestow, but brave and beautiful deeds always find their own reward.

THE LOVE OF LOVES

By Madison Cawein

I HAVE not seen her face, and yet
She is more sweet than anything
Of earth; than rose or violet
That April winds and sunbeams bring
Of all we know, past or to come,
Of loveliness none can forget,
She is the high compendium,
And yet——

I have not touched her robe, and still
She is more dear than lyric words
Of music; or than strains that fill
Wild brooks and throats of summer birds
Of all we mean by poetry,
That rules the soul and charms the will,
She is the deep epitome;
And still——

She is my world; ah, pity me!
A dream that flies whom I pursue!
Whom all pursue, whoe'er they be,
Who toil for art and dare and do,
The shadow love for whom they sigh,
The far ideal affinity,
For whom they live or gladly die.
Ah, me!

CONSTERNATION OVER THE NEW REGIME

OVER in that queer American colony on the left bank—the land of velvet coats and long hair—there is consternation. The painters have just learned the conditions upon which they may (possibly) exhibit at the Exposition of 1900. The space allotted to the American artists is two hundred yards on a line. This is bad enough. There will be room for scarcely one-tenth of the representative American painters, even if no one exhibits more than one picture. Already the two greatest American artists have been forced out. Whistler and Sargent will exhibit in the British section. This is itself a crime. As well might Edison figure among the Germans. But—they will tell you over in the Latin Quarter—there is worse behind. An outsider has been appointed head of the American art department. Mr. John Cauldwell, as every one will agree, is one of the most charming fellows in New York, but he is not an artist. And he is to select the pictures that will figure in the Exposition. Probably he will select a jury of New York artists to help him out, but that will not do much to help the artist exiles of Paris. Dannet, McEwen, Melchers, and a few others too important to be overlooked, will unquestionably find places on that two-hundred-yard line, but the younger men have given up hope. In order to get a broad idea of American art in 1900 you will have to go to the British section and the Salon.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE LATIN QUARTER

IN SPITE of this dark outlook, the painters, who are merry folk, are enjoying themselves after their kind. Perhaps you do not know just how harmless a way this is. Of course there are always students, coltish persons raw from American villages, who riot in the old Du Maurieresque fashion; but the painter who has arrived is a serious person. All week he works like a galley slave. It is only on Saturday night that he turns the studies to the wall, rolls away the easels and prepares to enjoy himself.

The other Saturday night the "crowd" met in Herbert Faulkner's huge studio—a ghostly place with tapestries and queer bits of old carving. On a sideboard were quaint German beer mugs, a punch-bowl of mulled claret, piles of tomato sandwiches, and a Dutch cheese. In the centre of the room, under a big lamp, was an old oak table, round which sat a half score of artists working away for dear life. There was John Flanagan, the sculptor who is making the four big eagles that are to crown the American building here; Seymour Thomas, who came from Texas; Eugene Grivaz, whom you remember in New York; Lazare, oldest and shortest of them all; Simpson, McRae, Marsh—all men who have made a mark at the Salon. Each had a zinc etching plate on which he was spreading—with fingers or brushes or bits of wood—brown oil paint. I circled the table like an uneasy ghost. Flanagan was building up with his sculptor's thumb the head of a football chap, wild hair, sweater, and all. Thomas, having stippled over his zinc in a reddish brown, was sketching with a match some old Spanish mission house of San Antonio. Grivaz had a tall knight, lance in hand, riding along some lonely mediæval street. And when these zinc plates and all the others were finished the "printing" began. The plate was covered with a sheet of wet white blotting paper and run through an American clothes wringer. All the color, of course, was transferred to the paper, and the result was a monotype. At this delightful game—and you would be surprised to know how much chance there is in it; how a meadow may turn out to be a sea and a knight's lance a fishing pole—they spent the evening. Of course they smoked many pipes and drank the beer and ate the Spanish tomatoes and the Dutch cheese, but it was far—very far—from the Trilby revels and all that sort of thing; and far more amusing.

THE LAST BRAVE BOHEMIAN

THERE is indeed very little Bohemianism among the artists of the day, and even the students have learned that genius, after all, is merely the habit of working eight hours a day. I think the last of the Bohemians is André Castaigne, and even his Bohemianism is dignified with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. (You know he has just been made Chevalier.) His studio in the Rue des Fourneaux is as decorative as need be, and Castaigne, stalwart and big, with a dragoon's mustaches, has the look of a prosperous poet. He takes his Bohemia at dinner-time. Near his studio, in one of the noisiest streets in the Quarter, is a *bureau de tabac*—a dark little shop where they sell tobacco and wine and where one may dine for eighteen cents. The only customers are workmen in blouses, cabmen in white hats and—the Chevalier Castaigne. He takes his soup, his square of bread, his two cents' worth of carrots like the rest of them.

"They are men," says Castaigne, "these fellows. I like to take off my coat and sit down with them. They don't chatter of 'light and shadow,' 'drawing by the masses,' 'producing effects,' 'relations,' 'tones,' and all the nonsense of the studio. They are men who live and work and see things. Their talk is worth all the books ever written."

And yet Castaigne is as exigent an artist as you ever met. In his studio I saw a pile of unopened magazines.

"I don't care to open them," he said. "In the first place, I don't want to see what the other fellows are doing, and then—it breaks my heart to see the reproductions."

And there spoke the artist.

That reminds me of Edwin Abbey's experience. The art editor of the magazine buying his work wrote him a letter urging him to make his drawings bolder and broader. "Your effects are so delicate," he wrote, "that our men cannot reproduce them."

Abbey wrote back: "Get better men."

That is just what they did, and, incidentally, raised black and white illustration to the dignity of a fine art.

—Vance Thompson

—while our office boy with an excellent pair of scissors for his assistant, was responsible for our supply of Wit and Humor

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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The Universal Educator

A STORY is told of a Scotchman, who, loving a lassie, desired her for his wife. But he possessed the prudence of his race. He had noticed in his circle many an otherwise promising union result in disappointment and dismay purely in consequence of the false estimate formed by bride or bridegroom concerning the imagined perfectability of the other. He determined that in his own case no collapsed ideal should be possible. Therefore it was that his proposal took the following form

"I'm but a puir lad, Jennie; I hae nae siller to offer ye, an' nae land"

"Ah, but ye hae yersel', Davie

"An' I'm wishfu' it wa' onythin' else, lassie I'm nae but a puir, ill sensoned loon, Jennie

"Na, na; there's mony a lad mair ill lookin' than yer ..., I ...

"I hae nae seen him, lass, an' I'm just a thinkin' I shouldna care to"

"Better a plain mon, Davie, that ye can depend on than ane that would be a-speerin' at the lassies an' bringin' trouble into the hame wi' his floutin' ways."

"Dinna ye reckon on that, Jennie; it's nae the bonniest Bubbly Jock that maks the most feathers to fly in the kail yard. I was ever a lad to run after the petticoats, as is weel kent, an' it's a weary handfu' I'll be to ye, I'm thinkin'."

"Ah, but ye hae a kind heart, Davie; an' ye love me weel I'm sure on't

"I like ye weel enoo', Jennie, though I canna say how long the feelin' may bide wi' me; an' I'm kind enoo' when I hae my ain way, an' naethin' happens to put me oot. But I hae the deevil's ain temper, as my mither can tell ye, an', like my puir fayther, I'm a thinkin' I'll grow nae better as I grow mair auld

"Ay, but ye're sair hard upon yersel', Davie. Ye're an honest lad. I ken ye better than ye ken yersel', an' ye'll mak a guid hame for me."

"Maybe, Jennie. But I hae my doots. It's a sair thing for wife an' bairns when the guid man canna keep awa' frae the glass; an' when the scent o' the whuskey comes to me it's just as though I hae'd the throat o' a Loch Tay salmon, it just gaes doon an' doon, an' there's nae fillin' o' me."

"Ay, but ye're a guid man when ye're sober, Davie"

"Maybe I'll be that, Jennie, if I'm nae disturbed."

"An' ye'll bide wi' me, Davie, an' work for me?"

"I see nae reason why I shouldna bide wi' ye, Jennie, but dinna ye clack about work to me, for I just canna abear the thocht o't

"Anyhow, ye'll do yer best, Davie? As the minister says, nae man can do mair than that."

"An' it's a puir best that mine'll be, Jennie, an' I'm nae sure ye'll hae ower muckle even o' that. We're a' weak, sinfu' creatures, Jennie, an' ye'd hae some deeficulty to find a man weaker or mair sinfu' than mysel'."

Weel, weel, ye hae a truthfu' tongue, Davie. Mony a lad will mak fine promises to a puir lassie, only to break 'em an' her heart wi' 'em. Ye speak me fair, Davie, an' I'm thinkin' I'll just tak ye, an' see what comes o't."

Concerning what did come of it the story is silent, but one feels that under no circumstances had the lady any right to complain of her bargain. Whether she ever did or did not—for women do not invariably order their tongues according to logic, nor men either, for the matter of that—Davie himself must have the satisfaction of reflecting that all reproaches were undeserved

I wish to be equally frank with the reader of these papers. I wish here conscientiously to set forth their shortcomings. I wish no one to read these papers under a misapprehension

There will be no useful information in them

Any one who should think that with the aid of this story he would be able to make a tour through Germany and the Black Forest would probably lose himself before he got to The Nore. That, at all events, would be the best thing that could happen to him. The farther away from home he got, the greater only would be his difficulties

■

I do not regard the conveyance of useful information as my forte. This belief was not inborn with me: it has been driven home upon me by experience

In my early journalistic days I served upon a paper, the forerunner of many very popular periodicals of the present day. Our boast was that we combined instruction with amusement; as to what should be regarded as affording amusement and what instruction the reader judged for himself. We gave advice to people about to marry—long, earnest advice that would, had they followed it, have made our circle of readers the envy of the whole married world. We told our subscribers how to make fortunes by keeping rabbits, giving facts and figures. The thing that must have surprised them was that we ourselves did not give up journalism and start rabbit farming. Often and often have I proved conclusively from authoritative sources how any man starting a rabbit farm with twelve selected rabbits and a little judgment must at the end of three years be in receipt of an income of two thousand a year, rising rapidly. He simply could not help himself. He might not want the money. He might not know what to do with it when he had it. But there it was for him. I have never met a rabbit farmer myself worth two thousand a year, though I have known many start with the six necessary, assorted couples. Something has always gone wrong somewhere; maybe the continued atmosphere of a rabbit farm saps the judgment

We told our readers how many bald-headed men there were in Iceland, and for all we knew our figures may have been correct; how many red herrings placed tail to mouth it would take to reach from London to Rome, which must have been useful to any one desirous to lay down a line of red herrings from London to Rome, enabling him to order in the right quantity at the beginning; how many words the average woman spoke in a day; and other such like items of information calculated to make them wise and great beyond the readers of other journals

■

We told them how to cure fits in cats. Personally, I do not believe, and I did not believe then, that you can cure fits in cats. If I had a cat subject to fits I should advertise it for sale, or even give it away. But our duty was to supply information when asked for. Some fool wrote, clamoring to know and I spent the best part of a morning seeking knowledge on the subject. I found what I wanted at length at the end of an old cookery book. What it was doing there I have never been able to understand. It had nothing to do with the proper subject of the book whatever; there was no suggestion that you could make anything savory out of a cat, even when you had cured it of its fits. The authoress had just thrown in this paragraph out of pure generosity. I can only say that I wish she had left it out; it was the cause of a deal of angry correspondence and of the loss of four subscribers to the paper, if not more. The man said the result of following our advice had been two pounds' worth of damage to his kitchen crockery, to say nothing of a broken window and probable blood-poisoning to himself; added to which the cat's fits were worse than before. And yet, it was a simple enough recipe. You held the cat between your legs, gently, so as not to hurt it, and with a pair of scissors made a sharp, clean cut in its tail. You did not cut off any part of the tail; you were careful only to make an incision.

As we explained to the man, the garden or the coal-cellar would have been the proper place for the operation; no one but an idiot would have attempted to perform it in a kitchen and without help

We gave them hints on etiquette. We told them how to address peers and bishops; also how to eat soup. We instructed shy young men how to acquire easy grace in drawing-rooms. We taught dancing to both sexes by the aid of diagrams. We solved their religious doubts for them, and supplied them with a code of morals that would have done credit to a stained glass window

The paper was not a financial success—it was some years before its time—and the consequence was that our staff was limited. My own department, I remember, included Advice to Mothers—I wrote that with the assistance of my landlady who, having divorced one husband and buried four children was, I considered, a reliable authority on all domestic affairs; Hints on Furnishing and Household Decorations—with designs; a column of Literary Counsel to Beginners—I sincerely hope my guidance was of better service to them than it ever was to myself; and our weekly article, Straight Talks to Young Men, signed "Uncle Henry." A kindly genial old fellow was Uncle Henry, with wide and varied experience and a sympathetic attitude toward the rising generation. He had been through trouble himself in his far-back youth, and knew most things. Even to this day I read Uncle Henry's advice, and though I say it who should not, it still seems to me good, sound advice. I often think that had I followed Uncle Henry's counsel closer I would have been wiser, made fewer mistakes, felt better satisfied with myself than is now the case

■

A quiet, weary little woman, who lived in a bed-sitting room off the Tottenham Court Road, and who had a husband in a lunatic asylum, did our Cooking Column, our Hints on Education—we were full of hints—and a page and a half of Fashionable Intelligence, written in the pertly personal style which even yet has not altogether disappeared, so I am informed, from modern journalism: "I must tell you about the *divine* frock I wore at 'Glorious Goodwood' last week Prince C—— But there, I really must *not* repeat all the things the silly fellow says; he is *too* foolish, and the *dear* Countess, I fancy, was just the *teeish* bit jealous"—and so on.

Poor little woman! I see her now, in the shabby gray alpaca with the ink stains on it. Perhaps a day at "Glorious Goodwood" or anywhere else in the fresh air might have put some color into her cheeks

Our proprietor—one of the most unashamedly ignorant men I ever met—I remember his gravely informing a correspondent once that Ben Jonson had written Rabelais to pay for his mother's funeral, and only laughing good-naturedly

"Come," urged the professor, growing impatient; "you have been reading about this wood for the last ten minutes. Surely you can tell me something about it"

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments. In the previous chapters the three men—George, Harris and the author—have arranged to make a bicycle tour through Germany. The mounts are to be a tandem and a safety bicycle.

when his mistakes were pointed out to him—wrote, with the aid of a cheap encyclopædia, the pages devoted to General Information, and did them on the whole remarkably well; while our office-boy, with an excellent pair of scissors for his assistant, was responsible for our supply of Wit and Humor.

It was hard work, and the pay was poor; what sustained us was the consciousness that we were instructing and improving our fellow men and women. Of all games in the world, the one most universally and eternally popular is the game of School. You collect six children and put them on a doorstep, while you walk up and down with the book and cane. We play it when babies, we play it when boys and girls, we play it when men and women, we play it as, lean and slippered, we totter toward the grave. It never palls upon, it never wearies us. Only one thing mars it: the tendency of one and all of the other six children to clamor for their turn with the book and the cane. The reason, I am sure, that journalism is so popular a calling in spite of its many drawbacks, is this: each journalist feels he is the boy walking up and down with the cane. The Government, the Classes and the Masses, Society, Art and Literature are the other children sitting on the doorstep. He instructs and improves them.

But I digress. It was to excuse my present permanent disinclination to be the vehicle of useful information that I recalled these matters. Let us now return.

Somebody, signing himself Balloonist, had written to ask concerning the manufacture of hydrogen gas. It is an easy thing to manufacture—at least, so I gathered after reading up the subject at the British Museum; yet I did warn Balloonist, whoever he might be, to take all necessary precaution against accident. What more could I have done? Ten days afterward a florid faced lady called at the office, leading by the hand what she explained was her son, aged twelve. The boy's face was unimpressive to a degree positively remarkable. His mother pushed him forward and took off his hat, and then I perceived the reason for this. He had no eyebrows whatever, and of his hair nothing remained but a scrubby dust giving to his head the appearance of a hard-boiled egg, skinned and sprinkled with black pepper.

"That was a handsome lad this time last week, with naturally curly hair," remarked the lady. She spoke with a rising inflection, suggestive of the beginning of things.

"What has happened to change him?" asked our chief.

"This is what's happened to him," retorted the lady. She drew from her muff a copy of our last week's issue, with my article on hydrogen gas scored in pencil, and flung it before his eyes. Our chief took it and read it through.

"He was Balloonist?" queried the chief.

"He was Balloonist," admitted the lady; "the poor, innocent child, and now look at him!" He stood there before me in all his baldness.

"Maybe it'll grow again," suggested our chief.

"Maybe it will," retorted the lady, her key continuing to rise, "and maybe it won't. What I want to know is what you are going to do for him."

Our chief suggested a hair-wash. I thought at first she was going to fly at him, but for the moment she confined herself to words. It appeared she was not thinking of a hair-wash, but of compensation. She also made observations on the general character of our paper, its utility, its claim to public support, the sense and wisdom of its contributors.

"I really don't see that it is our fault," urged the chief—he was a mild-mannered man; "he asked for information, and he got it."

"Don't you try to be funny about it," said the lady (he had not meant to be funny, I am sure; levity was not his failing), "or you'll get something that *you* haven't asked for. Why, for two pins," said the lady with a suddenness that sent us both flying like scuttled chickens behind our respective chairs, "I'd come around and make your head like it!" I take it she meant like the boy's. She also added observations upon our chief's personal appearance that were distinctly in bad taste. She was not a nice woman, by any means.

Myself, I am of opinion that had she brought the action she threatened she would have had no case, but our chief was a man who had had experience with the law, and his principle was always to avoid it. I have heard him say:

"If a man stopped me in the street and demanded of me my watch, I should refuse to give it to him. If he threatened to take it by force, I feel I should, though not a fighting man, do my best to protect it. If, on the other hand, he should assert his intention of trying to obtain it by means of an action in any court of law, I should take it out of my pocket and hand it to him, and think I had got off cheaply."

He squared the matter with the florid-faced lady for a five-pound note, which must have represented a month's profits on the paper; and she departed, taking her damaged offspring with her. After she was gone our chief spoke kindly to me. He said:

"Don't think I am blaming you in the least; it is not your fault; it is Fate. Keep to the moral advice and the criticism; there you are distinctly good; but don't try your hand any more at Useful Information. As I have said, it is not your fault. Your information is correct enough; there is nothing to be said against that; it simply is that you are not lucky with it."

I would that I had followed his advice always; I would have saved myself and other people much disaster. I see no reason why it should be, but so it is. If I instruct a man as to the best route between London and Rome, he loses his luggage in Switzerland, or is nearly shipwrecked off Dover. If I counsel him in the purchase of a camera, he gets run in by the German police for photographing fortresses. I once took a deal of trouble to explain to a man how to marry his deceased wife's sister at Stockholm. I found out for him the time the boat left Hull and the best hotels to stop at. There was not a single mistake from beginning to end in the information with which I supplied him; no hitch occurred anywhere; yet now he never speaks to me.

Therefore it is that I have come to restrain my passion for the giving of information. Therefore it is that nothing in the nature of practical instruction will be found, if I can help it, within these pages.

There will be no descriptions of towns, no historical reminiscences, no architecture, no morals.

I once asked an intelligent foreigner what he thought of London.

He said: "It is a very big town."

I said: "What struck you most about it?"

He replied: "The people."

I said: "Compared with other towns—Paris, Rome, Berlin—what did you think of it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is bigger," he said "what more can one say?"

One ant hill is very much like another. So many avenues, wide or narrow, where the little creatures swarm in strange confusion; these bustling by, important; these halting to pow-wow with one another. These struggling with big burdens; these but basking in the sun. So many granaries stored with food; so many cells where the little things sleep and eat and love; the corner where lie their little white bones. This hive is larger, the next smaller. This nest lies on the sand, and another under the stones. This was built but yesterday, while that was fashioned ages ago, some say even before the swallows came; who knows?

Nor will there be found herein folklore or story.

Every valley where he homesteads has its song. I will tell you the plot; you can turn it into verse and set it to music of your own.

There lived a lass, and there came a lad, who loved and rode away.

It is a monotonous song, written in many languages; for the young man seems to have been a mighty traveler. Here in sentimental Germany they remember him well. So also the dwellers of the Blue Alsatian Mountains remember his coming among them, while, if my memory serves me truly, he likewise visited the Banks of Allan Water. A veritable Wandering Jew is he; for still the foolish girls listen, so they say, to the dying away of his hoofbeats.

In this land of many ruins, that long while ago were voice-filled homes, linger many legends; and here again, giving you the essentials, I leave you to cook the dish for yourself. Take a human heart or two, assorted; a bundle of human passions—there are not many of them, half a dozen at the most; season with a mixture of good and evil; flavor the whole with the sauce of death, and serve up where and when you will. The Saint's Cell, The Lovers' Leap—call it what you will, the stew is the same.

Lastly, in these papers there will be no scenery. This is not laziness on my part; it is self-control. Nothing is easier to write than scenery; nothing more difficult and unnecessary to read. When Gibbon had to trust to travelers' tales for a description of the Hellespont, and the Rhine was chiefly familiar to English students through the medium of Cæsar's Commentaries, it behooved every globe trotter, for whatever distance, to describe to the best of his ability the things that he had seen. Doctor Johnson, familiar with little else than the view down Fleet Street, could read the description of a Yorkshire moor with pleasure and with profit. To a Cockney who had never seen higher ground than the Hog's Back in Surrey, an account of Snowdon must have appeared exciting. But we, or rather the steam engine and the camera for us, have changed all that. The man who plays tennis every year at the foot of the Matterhorn, and billiards on the summit of the Rigi, does not thank you for an elaborate and painstaking description of the Grampian Hills. To the average man, who has seen a dozen oil paintings, a hundred photographs, a thousand pictures in the illustrated journals, and a couple of panoramas of Niagara, the word-painting of a waterfall is tedious.

An American friend of mine, a cultured gentleman, who loved poetry well enough for its own sake, told me that he had obtained a more correct and more satisfying idea of the Lake district from an eighteen-penny book of photographic views than from all the works of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth put together. I also remember his saying, concerning this subject of scenery in literature, that he would thank an author as much for writing an eloquent description of what he had just had for dinner. But this was in reference to another argument, namely, the proper province of each art; my friend maintaining that just as canvas and color were the wrong mediums for story-telling, so word painting was, at its best, but a clumsy method of conveying impressions that could much better be received through the eye.

As regards the question, there also lingers in my memory very distinctly a hot school afternoon. The class was for English literature, and the proceedings commenced with the reading of a certain lengthy but otherwise unobjectionable poem. The author's name, I am ashamed to say, I have forgotten, together with the title of the poem. The reading finished, we closed our books, and the Professor, a kindly, white-haired old gentleman, suggested our giving in our own words an account of what we had just read.

"Tell me," said the Professor encouragingly, "what it is all about."

"Please, sir," said the first boy—he spoke with bowed head and evident reluctance, as though the subject were one which, left to himself, he would never have mentioned—"it is about a maiden."

"Yes," agreed the Professor, "but I want you to tell me in your own words. We do not speak of a maiden, you know; we say a girl. Yes, it is about a girl; go on."

"A girl," repeated the top boy, the substitution apparently increasing his embarrassment, "who lived in a wood."

"What sort of a wood?" asked the Professor.

The first boy examined his ink-pot carefully and then looked at the ceiling.

"Come," urged the Professor, growing impatient, "you have been reading about this wood for the last ten minutes. Surely you can tell me something about it."

"The gnarly trees, their twisted branches——" recommenced the top boy.

"No, no," interrupted the Professor; "I do not want you to repeat the poem. I want you to tell me in your own words what sort of a wood it was where the girl lived."

The Professor tapped his foot impatiently; the top boy made a dash for it.

"Please, sir, it was the usual sort of a wood."

The Professor gave up the top boy as hopeless.

"Tell him what sort of a wood," said he, pointing to the second lad.

"I REALLY DON'T SEE THAT IT IS OUR FAULT," URGED THE CHIEF—HE WAS A MILD-MANNERED MAN; "HE ASKED FOR INFORMATION, AND HE GOT IT"

The second boy said it was a "green wood." This annoyed the Professor still more; he called the second boy a blockhead, though really I cannot see why, and passed on to the third, who for the last half minute had been sitting apparently on hot plates, with his right arm waving up and down like a distracted semaphore signal. He would have had to say it the next second whether the Professor had asked him or not, he was red in the face, holding his knowledge in

"A dark and gloomy wood!" shouted the third boy, with much relief to his feelings

"A dark and gloomy wood," repeated the Professor, with evident approval. "And why was it dark and gloomy?"

The third boy was still equal to the occasion

"Because the sun could not get inside it."

The Professor felt he had discovered the poet of the class

"Because the sun could not get into it, or better, because the sunbeams could not penetrate. And why could not the sunbeams penetrate there?"

"Please, sir, because the leaves were too thick

"Very well," said the Professor. "The girl lived in a dark and gloomy wood through the leafy canopy of which the sunbeams were unable to pierce. Now, what grew in this wood?" He pointed to the first boy

"Trees, sir, trees, sir

"And what else?"

"Toadstools, sir." This after a pause

The Professor was not quite sure about the toadstools, but on referring to the text he found that the boy was right; toadstools had been mentioned

"Quite right," admitted the Professor, "toadstools grew there. And what else? What do you find underneath trees in a wood?"

"Please, sir, earth, sir"

"No, no; what grows in a wood besides trees?"

"Oh, please, sir, bushes, sir."

"Bushes; very good. Now we are getting on. In this wood there were trees and bushes. And what else?"

He pointed to a small boy near the bottom, who, having decided that the wood was too far off to be of any annoyance to himself individually, was occupying his leisure playing noughts and crosses against himself. Vexed and bewildered, but feeling it necessary to add something to the inventory, he hazarded blackberries. This was a mistake; the poet had not mentioned blackberries

"Of course Klobstock would think of something to eat," commented the Professor, who prided himself on his ready wit. This raised a laugh against Klobstock, and pleased the Professor

"You," continued he, pointing to a boy in the middle; "what else was there in this wood besides trees and bushes?"

"Please, sir, there was a torrent there

"Quite right; and what did the torrent do?

"Please, sir, it gurgled"

"No, no. Streams gurgle, torrents——

"Roar, sir"

"It roared. And what made it roar?"

This was a poser. One boy—he was not our prize intellect, I admit—suggested the girl. To help us, the Professor put his question in another form

"When did it roar?"

Our third boy, again coming to our rescue, explained that it roared when it fell down among the rocks. I think some of us had a vague idea that it must have been a cowardly torrent to make such a noise about a little thing like this; a pluckier torrent, we felt, would have got up and gone on, saying nothing about it. A torrent that roared every time it fell upon a rock we deemed a poor spirited torrent; but the Professor seemed quite content with it.

"And what lived in this wood besides the girl?" was the next question.

"Please, sir, birds, sir."

"Yes, birds lived there. What else?"

Birds seemed to have exhausted our ideas.

"Come," said the Professor, "what are those animals with tails that run up trees?"

We thought for a while, then one of us suggested cats.

This was an error; the poet had said nothing about cats; squirrels was what the Professor was trying to get.

I do not recall much more about this wood in detail. I only recollect that the sky was introduced into it. In places where there occurred an opening among the trees you could, by looking up, see the sky above you; very often there were patches of blue sky and occasionally a piece of [illegible] got wet.

I have dwelt upon this incident because it seems to me suggestive of the whole question of scenery in literature. I could not at the time, I cannot now, understand why the top boy's summary was not sufficient. With all due deference to the poet, whoever he may have been, one cannot but acknowledge that his wood was, and could not be otherwise than, "the usual sort of wood."

I could describe the Black Forest to you at great length. I could translate to you Hebel, the poet of the Black Forest. I could write pages concerning its rocky gorges and its smiling valleys, its pine-clad slopes, its rock-crowned summits, its foaming rivulets (where the tidy German has not condemned them to flow respectably through wooden troughs or drain-pipes), its white villages, its lonely farmsteads.

But I am haunted by the suspicion you might skip all this. Were you sufficiently conscientious—or weak [illegible] to do so, I should, all said and done, succeed in conveying to you only an impression much better summed up in the simple words of the unpretentious guide-book:

"A picturesque, mountainous district, bounded on the south and the west by the plain of the Rhine, toward which its spurs descend precipitately. It is well watered with numerous streams, while its populous valleys are fertile and well cultivated. The inns are good; but the local wines should be partaken of by the stranger with discretion."

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

(Continued from Page 683 of this Number)

"Now," she said, "take care that you do it exactly right after this, and when you turn around, see that you knock no more of my 'fittings' down, or else they will say 'What blundering bullock has been among the peats?'"

"'Tis the first time that ever I was called a blundering bullock," said the young man, starting half around, as on a pivot, at her speech.

"It will not be the last if you do not keep more watch over your feet," said the girl with a vicious click of her pretty teeth. "I pray endeavor to finish one fair job without whirling around every moment like a [illegible]

The young man worked a while in silence, feeling a little sullen at being thus thwarted and tantalized by one whom he had thought to be no more than an ignorant pretty maiden of the country. But Bell's saucily unconscious air of command piqued him, and he resolved to excel in the occupation to which he had been set.

It was not long before she looked again.

"Ah, that is better—much better," she cried, sitting up on her own knees and letting the wide summer bonnet fall back from her head so that the latter stood out against the sky with a certain comely and shapely determination. Adam Home thought he had never seen the like anywhere before.

He did not feel the necessity of leaving the country to be so pressing or immediate as it had been.

But he was to be quickly and somewhat unpleasantly reminded of the duty on which he [illegible]. For at the very moment when [illegible] had taken his wrist to help him with a "fitting" of peats whose moist slipperiness prevented them from being easily "set," a shadow fell between them, and there within three yards stood the figure of a man, silently and, as it appeared, somewhat contemptuously, regarding their occupation. Bell's first instinct was to start up to her feet and apologize for having been the means of causing her companion to be discovered in so trivial a task. But after one glance at the regardant intruder the young man on his knees went calmly on with his peat fitting, turning his head to the side and studying the architecture after the manner of his mistress, and "hefting" the peats in his hand as if his whole soul were in the work before him.

The newcomer was a smallish man with a thin mustache, which he kept twisting assiduously, black eyebrows, which, thick in the middle, turned sharp at the outer corners and flashed defiantly upward like feathers in a Highland bonnet, with an air at once conceited and insolent.

But the amateur in peat fitting was not intimidated by his attitude.

"Ah, Hector!" was all that he said, and went calmly on with his work, so different is the effect of a supercilious regard in man and in woman. Adam Home had responded like a tuned instrument of strings to Bell's disdainful eyes and petulant words, but now he labored, apparently unconscious as any hind, at his menial occupation, under the contemptuous stare of another man.

The figure addressed as "Hector" retained its first attitude of disapproving reserve for some minutes, but as neither of the objects of contempt appeared at all affected he was at last forced to break the silence.

"My lord," he said, "you seem to have forgotten in congenial employment the purpose for which you came hither."

Adam Home glanced sharply up at him.

"Keep the 'my lording' for the next campaign in Flanders," he said. "I am no lord of yours!"

Bell MacLurg rose to her feet. What had she been doing? A lord—and she tried to think over all she had said to him. The tally did not turn out a very suitable or a very respectful one.

The olive-skinned, dark-mustached man made a little impatient movement with his foot.

"No man is the lord of Hector Faa—that is well enough known in Galloway. And indeed, if I may venture to remark, it ill becomes your—I mean it is ill befitting one in your situation to bandy compliments or waste precious time when the scaffold is as near you and your friend as that heather buss is near me."

And he stamped on a tussock of heather bells with an angry gesture.

Adam Home now arose to his feet and deliberately dusted his hands.

"You are right," he said; "I did wrong to forget Gleumorrison in the time of trouble which he shares with me. I crave your pardon, Hector Faa; now let us go down and speak with the laird."

The man addressed started back.

"Nay," he cried, "not I. There is still some sense left under my bonnet. Hector Faa is not going to venture his life, unattended, near such an old heathenish Cromwell as Ninian MacLurg, of Millwharchar."

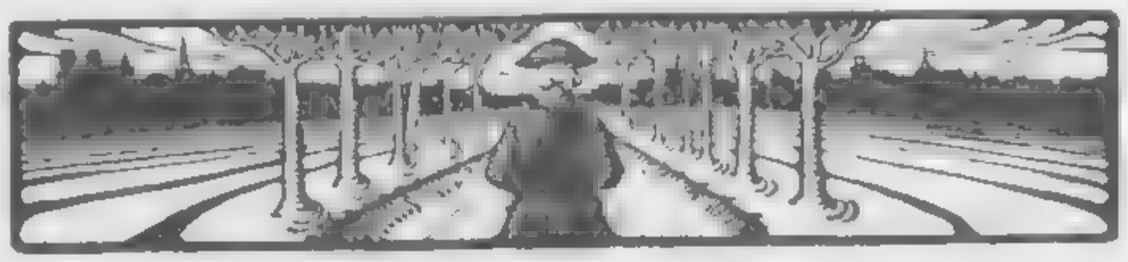
"Then," said Adam Home tranquilly, "I will go alone—or at least with this lady, if she will deign to accompany me."

The little dark man hesitated a moment. Then with great deliberation he pulled out a pistol, half cocked it, looked to the priming, and anon restored it to his side pocket. Next he set his hand upon his thigh and half drew a dagger therefrom, as if to ascertain that it worked easily in its sheath.

"Lead on," he said; "you shall not cast it up that Hector Faa was afraid of any man that breathes. But mind you, if there be a 'tulzie,' each of us will look only to the safety of his own life. This is no quarrel or occasion of mine."

And this is the reason that Bell MacLurg came into the presence of her father, Ninian, Laird of Millwharchar, with a young man walking doucely on either side of her.

(To be Continued in the Next Number)



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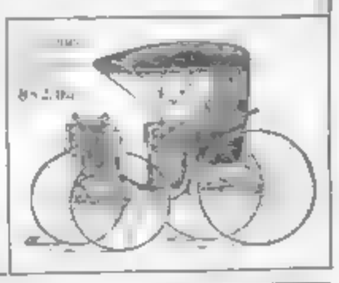

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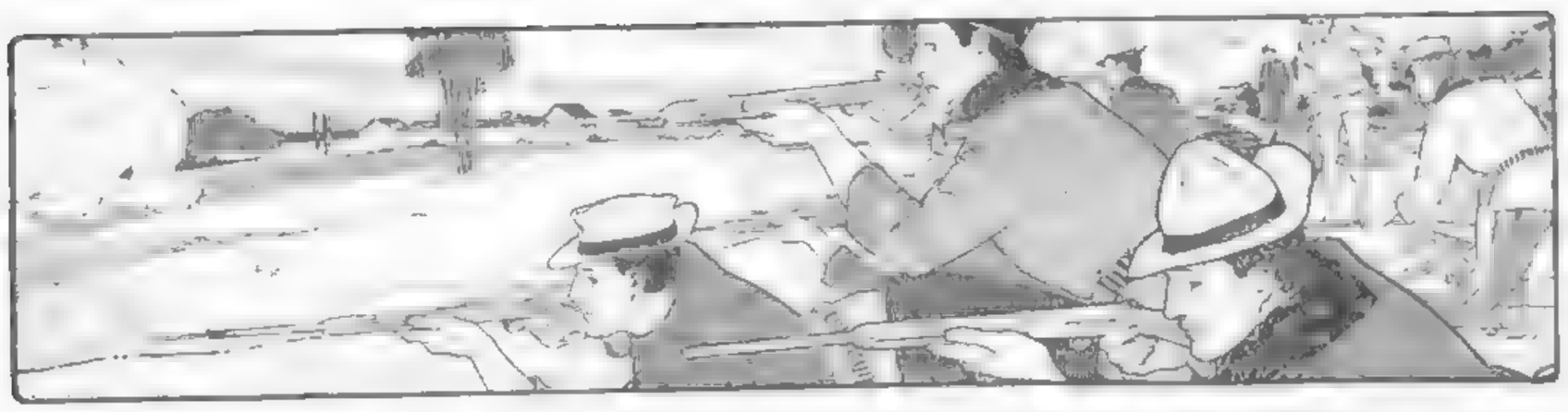

IN THE FIELD WITH LAWTON

By CHARLES KING, BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. V.

IT WAS early in March when the first transports by way of Suez reached Manila, and with the foremost, as I remember, came Lawton, the tallest man on the ship, and the "biggest" in point of reputation as a frontier fighter yet sent to the Philippines.

Those of us who had served with the cavalry through the Indian wars knew him well, for I doubt if any of the long list of zealous and ambitious officers who won distinction under Crook, Miles and Merritt on the plains and in the mountains would deny to Lawton "the head of the class." He was a wonderful field quartermaster to begin with; could step into a corral of unbroken mules, parcel and pair them out, dividing them off six by six, perfectly sized and matched. Then he could break them to harness, train them to work as lead, swing or wheel teams, and "lick them into shape" for service in quicker time and with fewer swear words than any dyed in the-wool teamster I ever knew. He was the admiration of veteran wagonmasters of the war days, who fairly swore by him, and one of them, at an old Texas post in the Comanche country, after watching Lawton "coach" mules for one of McKenzie's expeditions, away back in the early seventies, turned to his fellows with an emphatic whack of his broad palm upon a muscular thigh, and said:

"Boy an' man, I've been tacklin' mules for thirty years, an' demme me if ever I see a man could larn 'em the fear of the Lord quicker'n the Lieutenant."

LAWTON'S REPUTATION AS A HARD WORKER

Lawton was just as keen a hand with the cavalry horse, conquering always by patience and kindness—never by fear or heavy punishment—the "mount" of his troop, when he was Captain in the famous old Fourth Cavalry, being renowned for the "fit" condition in which it was ever to be found even after long and hard marches. Yet, with his own superb physique and apparently vigorous health, he could stand so much more work than many of his fellow officers and men, that troopers who lacked ambition and grit would shun his command as they would an ambush. He was tireless on the trail, and he worked his men for all they were worth, and they were proud of it and of him.

It was a big loss to the cavalry when Captain Lawton accepted promotion in the Inspector-General's Department, that being the only way of rewarding his heroic and indomitable campaign against the little but vicious band of Chiricahuas. Time and again, could it have been permitted, he would gladly, as I believe, have exchanged back into the rough life of the mounted service. He was far better fitted for it than for what is called office duty.

KEEPING IN THE THICK OF THINGS

It was perfectly characteristic of Lawton that the moment the war was over in Cuba he should seek service in the Philippines. The insurrection had not begun when he begged to be allowed to drop the command of a *corps d'armée* in the South to go to Manila and take any command General Otis might see fit to give him. Every other soldier could see with half an eye that Aguinaldo and his Cabinet "meant business," and that the storm was sure to break. When Lawton sailed from New York the indications were that hostilities might begin any day, despite all the reassuring and pacificatory dispatches that so frequently appeared about that time in our papers. When he reached Manila the insurrection was a month old, the hardest fighting of the campaign was over, the fiercest battles had been fought, and "Johnny Filipino" had learned a gruesome lesson at terrible cost.

LAWTON'S NERVE ON THE FIRING LINE

Wheaton, an old regimental friend and comrade of the Commanding General's, had just been placed in command of the "flying column" when Lawton arrived, and with keen interest the veteran Indian fighter hastened out to the southeast front of Manila and up the Pasig River to see the start. I was commanding the First Brigade of the First Division at the time, our line stretching from the river 'cross country southwestward until it reached the left of General Ovenshine's, near the little "Barrio" of Cuh Cuh. Wheaton's brigade launched out from our front, and Lawton stood watching the move from our salient, the cemetery height of San Pedro Macati, totally heedless of the Mauser bullets that came singing in from the treetops about Guadaloupe church to our left front or the mile-away ridge beyond Wheaton's steadily advancing lines.

Wheaton went out some distance and was gone several days, driving the insurgents everywhere before him. Finally, finding it impossible to get them to stand and fight in force, he turned back, in compliance with orders from General Otis, and passed on to the north of Manila to bear valiant part in MacArthur's splendid advance on Malolos.

THE OLD INDIAN FIGHTER IN A TIGHT PLACE

This left Lawton in command of a little division of two little brigades to hold a long, thin line at the east and south fronts, four miles out from Manila at its nearest point (Pasay near the Bay), and seven miles at the left front, the village of Tagug on the Delta. Moreover, this line at the left front, held by my brigade, was split by an unbridged, unfordable river, and the big town of Pasig and the villages of Pateros and Taguig, garrisoned by the First Washingtons, and menaced by the enemy, were across the Pasig, and reached only by a raft ferry that could "tote" but twenty men at a time.

Lawton shook his grizzled head over the situation, for if the insurgents had only known their power they could have massed a few thousand men and hurled them on Wholley and his fine regiment on the islands of the Pasig Delta, or concentrated in front of Guadaloupe church on Treumann and the North Dakotas—another aggregation of fighting volunteers led by some of the finest field officers it was ever my lot to know.

Of course the situation demanded the utmost vigilance day and night, and it resulted that for a fortnight Lawton was often with us all day long, and I spent hour after hour with him in saddle, riding the lines, trotting out to Pasig and Pateros, and scouting along the ridge that stood like a barrier between the river and the bay. Being the tallest man in the party, mounted always on the biggest horse, and wearing habitually a white helmet, Lawton was a target for Filipino sharpshooters wherever he went, and the placid way in which he would continue a conversation with the whiew of a Mauser or ping of a Remington bullet punctuating every other word was something inspiring, in a way, yet ever suggestive of the reflection, "What if he should be hit?"

AN ANNOYING LITTLE INTERRUPTION

His staff pleaded with him to keep more under cover, not on their account—for braver fellows than Edwards and young King, who were always with him, were not to be found in the field—but for fear that some bullet better aimed than the rest might find its billet in his great heart and rob us forever of his heroic leadership. As next to him in command in the division, I did more than plead. I protested. Twice while I was engaged giving some instructions along the outposts he slipped away, and to my consternation was next seen clambering a high rock or swinging into the branches of a tree far out to the front. Then we would have to rush a platoon, picked up anyhow or anywhere, to cover the ground beyond him, twice nearly bringing on a fight that General Otis particularly desired to avoid while our line was so thin. It is a marvel Lawton was not killed or captured sooner, and all because he would rather go himself than send officer or man into danger.

One day he was standing with only two or three comrades about him and reading a dispatch just received. The two orderlies holding the horses were close at hand, and the Filipinos in the bamboo a few hundred yards away were peppering at the party. A bullet ripped through the paper Lawton was reading and spoiled the context. A puzzled look came into his eyes as he held the paper closer, and just then one of the little native ponies we had to use as mounts squealed and kicked.

"Take the horses behind that clump, Orderly," said Lawton; "they may get hurt."

And then Lawton was a Spartan in self-denial. The sun beat down with fierce intensity as March wore on. I never felt such heat in Arizona, and sometimes for six, eight or ten hours we would be riding or scouting unsheltered from the burning rays. Canteen water was only just off the boil, but Lawton said he was following his old Indian campaign rules of schooling himself to go without drink of any kind, if need be, for a day at a time.

LAWTON'S SCORN FOR COOLING DRINKS

My headquarters were in the village of San Pedro Macati, in a house that had just before the outbreak been the headquarters of General Pio del Pilar. It was close to the river, and every day the hospital launch, steaming out of town, would leave a big lump of precious ice at our back door. The officers of my staff, with one or two others detailed for duty at the front, "messed" together here, and we had a refrigerator of goodly size stocked with bottled soda, Milwaukee beer, and the light Spanish wine known as La Vallesa de Mandor—mighty comforting things to a parched gullet after long hours in saddle under that broiling tropic sun. While Wheaton's column was out along the Laguna, officers were constantly passing to and fro, from city to far afield, and some one of our staff was always in readiness to administer creature comfort in the shape of hot coffee by night or a cooling drink by day, to the end that scores of thirsty souls went on their way refreshed. I don't know how many times we have come in from a long day's prowling about that extended and intricate front, and, dismounting at our headquarters, found Lawton's carriage or launch ready there to take him home far back in the city. Every mother's son of the party would have a throat as dry as a limekiln, and our Chinaman and his two Filipino aids would come scuttling down the stone steps with hissing goblets of lemon and soda or foaming glasses of beer. Staff officers of both division and brigade—and the Brigadier, too, for that matter—would eagerly gulp down the refreshing fluid, but Lawton would only grin and shake his head. "I had some water before we started out," he would say. "That's got to last till dinner-time."

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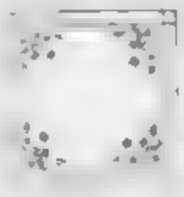

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MEN OF ACTION

R. LINDSAY COLEMAN

By Perriton Maxwell

Drawings by CHARLOTTE HARDING

"WHAT new kind of wagon are you making?" asked a friend of Michaux (the Parisian carriage builder who invented the first real bicycle) as he watched the latter fitting a crank to an old Dresden velocipede.

"I am not making a new kind of wagon," retorted M. Michaux; "I am making a new kind of horse."

In the light of present-day bicycle perfection that dialogue glows with import; in proper time it will pass into history along with the famous sayings of Cæsar and Napoleon, of Watts and Stephenson, of Robert Fulton and Elias Howe. It is only forty-four years since Michaux gave voice to his unconscious prophecy, and it proves no less the juvenility of the wheel than it does the prescience of its parent. The interesting fact of the moment is that in less than half a century the centre of bicycle production has shifted from Paris to Chicago. From Michaux to Coleman is less a matter of time than of bewildering accomplishment.

I am not making a new kind of wagon. I am making a new kind of horse"

The name of Michaux is the property of the world; the name of Coleman—Reuben Lindsay Coleman—is scarcely known outside of cycling circles. In the business world of "bikes" Mr. Coleman is always an unknown quantity, but the effect of his actions is never underestimated. He prefers the modest position of power behind the throne, he is to the world of bicycle manufacture what Richelieu was to the Court of Louis. Nor is the simile overdrawn, for "R. L.," as he is called by his business associates, is dictator and adviser in every large and important move that concerns bicycle production, and those who profess to heed him least are the first to seek his counsel in a crisis.

THE GREATEST BICYCLE MAKER IN AMERICA

"Who is Lindsay Coleman?" asked a new arrival in the cycle trade after hearing the name repeated a dozen times in the course of a ten minutes' conversation. "Oh, he is the largest manufacturer of bicycles in America," was the rejoinder.

Later, when this same newcomer had met "R. L." and was asked what he thought of him, he replied. "He is a splendid fellow, but I can't understand how such a mild mannered man can wield so much influence."

The secret of Lindsay Coleman's power is not generally understood, for he is a quiet man who works with the least possible friction, while steadily holding his own and aggressively pushing forward his plans and ideas. There is no obtrusive egotism in his personality, but you feel in his presence that he has a store of latent strength. With this he has that expansiveness of heart which frequently dictates impulsive acts of helpfulness and generosity that sometimes work a detriment to the purse, and which have no place among the unwritten and uncompromising laws of business. And yet no man more dearly loves a vigorous clash of arms than "R. L." He does not go about with the proverbial chip on his shoulder, looking for an encounter royal, but at the drop of the hat he is squared for action and ready for the fight. He is the kind of man of whom a wag once remarked: "He will smile on you when you tread on his toes if you apologize, but he will thrash the deuce out of you if you don't."

The tendency of the times, industrially, is toward the amalgamation of interests and the combination of capital. Much has been said and written for and against this unification of producers, and each side has its logical conclusions and its convincing arguments. The truth about the formation of so-called "trusts" and their effects for good or evil does not enter into consideration here; moreover, the American Bicycle Company does not claim to be a trust. "The law of our existence in this nineteenth century has been concentration," says one, "and the 'trust,' 'combine,' or whatever you are pleased to call it, is merely a continuation of this concentration of labor and capital." Another economist has put it: "Trusts and labor unions are immediate stepping-stones to our next industrial system, under which public functions will be greatly extended."

FORMING THE BICYCLE COMBINATION

The American Bicycle Company, including as it does nearly every bicycle manufacturer of any importance in America, exists to work for the good of all concerned in the production and use of the riding machine. Since the fall of 1878, when Colonel Albert A. Pope put on the market the first one hundred bicycles manufactured in this country, nothing so momentous as the organization of the American Bicycle Company has occurred in the wheel trade. Nor was this organization a simple matter. Large bodies move slowly, and even when the plans of this great industrial coalescence were on the eve of perfection there came a stumbling-block, and that stumbling block was Lindsay Coleman; he did not approve of certain methods of organization, and his threatened withdrawal would have wrecked the proposed corporation as the keystone knocked from the arch makes the structure topple. Perhaps it was not so much the withdrawal of Mr. Coleman and the important concern he represents that endangered the existence of the embryonic organization, as the fact that his opinion on any given subject relative to the business is law to a large number of other bicycle manufacturers; and, though "R. L." is not the kind of man purposely to influence the acts of others by his own conduct, it is a truth conceded by those who know his power that what "R. L." does, so do a dozen other manufacturers. For a personage of purely commercial importance Mr. Coleman has a larger number of loyal followers than is usually given one man to enjoy.

Singularly enough, Lindsay Coleman's part in the formation and controlling of the American Bicycle Company is on the surface a purely supernecessary one. He seeks no official title and wants no conspicuous position in its affairs. And yet that his is the hand on the lever no one in the secrets of the giant company's operations can deny. It is as if "R. L." were only the tail of the dog corporate, to be swayed by every fancy of the main body, while in reality he is the whole dog, but not, let it be understood, the dog in the manger. Other men whose names are a household word among cyclists stand in the lime-light glare of this newest and strongest of consolidated manufacturing companies, but Lindsay Coleman is content with a place in the background.

"Did you shoot that pea"

MR. COLEMAN AND HIS PEA-SHOOTER

Mr. Coleman's ready wit and gift of repartee are a byword in the bicycle world. His earliest witticism on record is one of the schoolboy period. It was a warm day, and the scholars droned sleepily behind their books, while the teacher, a maiden lady famous for her severity, dozed gently over her desk. Suddenly a pea, shot with unerring aim from young "R. L.'s" sugar cane blowpipe, landed squarely on the gentle lady's nose. She awakened wrathfully, and by that kind of instinct known only to those who are accustomed to deal with a roomful of unruly youngsters, singled out the trembling culprit.

"Did you shoot that pea?" demanded the irate teacher.

To the query came no response; but little "R. L.'s" face showed traces of subdued mirth.

"Did you shoot that pea?" again questioned the now thoroughly angered teacher.

"No'm," replied young Coleman; "I shot you," and the maiden lady's sense of humor saved the future bicycle magnate from a drubbing.

The plain biographic facts about Reuben Lindsay Coleman can be told in few words. Born in Richmond, Virginia, November 30, 1852, he is that rare type of Southerner in whom much of the breeziness of the Westerner and much of the prevision and shrewdness of the Yankee have been infused by environment. But despite these alien and acquired characteristics, he cannot be mistaken for aught but a son of the South, and his love for the land of his birth asserts itself not only in his manner of speech but in his methods of recreation. When business cares have prompted a respite from work he packs his traps and is off for the old Virginia homestead, where, with his high bred dogs, his amiable servants, his hunting and his fishing, he is the contented Southern gentleman of wealth—and bicycles be blowed. It is because of these frequent expeditions to his native heath that "R. L." preserves a robust physique. As dearly loved as is the old homestead today, there was a time when it seemed a mere cage made to imprison an ambitious and venturesome boy, and like most lads of his temperament, young Coleman bolted for the great, wide world.

GETTING A FOOTHOLD IN BUSINESS

The usual result followed. Vicissitude piled on vicissitude, but were met with a determination that made them insignificant. One day the adventurer found himself the incumbent of a "job" which yielded him a weekly income of eight dollars. Life took on a rosier tinge, and the comforts of the forsaken homestead did not seem quite so far away. That was in 1880. Afterward came experiences in the printing business in Philadelphia. The famous "Jay Cook failure" and its accompanying panic worked its disaster to "R. L." along with its thousand other victims. In Baltimore the nineteen-year-old fortune-seeker found himself stranded—"flat broke," says Mr. Coleman, "with neither a sound pocket nor a dollar to put into it." But very soon as an agent "R. L." prospered for a time, until, in sheer disgust, he left the man who employed him—cast off a living salary and the good things that go with it for a principle. "I couldn't endure to work for a man who mixed affected piety with barefaced [illegible] and who put his trust in God and his hands in other people's pockets," he explains.

While the eighties were still young Mr. Coleman drifted to Leadville, Colorado, and there had a taste of mining life, the flavor and memory of which will last him to the end. At the outset of the Leadville period he saw no hope of employment, and the little "blue devils," which either drive a man to desperation or successful effort, hovered around him for a longer time than he now cares to remember. One fine day—it is always a fine day when such things happen—there was need of an engineer at one of the mines. A competent man was nowhere to be found though the recompense was three dollars per day.

"Why don't you apply for the job?" asked a friend who knew how badly Coleman needed employment.

"I know nothing about running an engine," sadly replied the stranded Southerner.

"Bosh!" said the friend. "A fellow of your alertness can run that machine by instinct. Make a bluff at knowing it all and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For next week will contain a notable article on monopolies and modern corporation methods, by Honorable Thomas B. Reed. In this suggestive paper Mr. Reed explains the birth and growth of industrial monopolies, and discusses their relationship to the country at large. This is the most important paper that Mr. Reed has contributed to the Post.

THOS. B. REED

on

Monopolies

HOW PRESIDENTS ARE MADE

Recollections of Lincoln's two campaigns, by

Col. A. K. McClure

HOME ATHLETICS FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

By

Dudley A. Sargent

of Harvard University

THE ARGUMENT FOR DOTY

A story by

Octave Thanet

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

A dashing romance by

S. R. Crockett

THREE MEN ON FOUR WHEELS

Another story of the comedy of bicycling by

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The first paper in the series, Famous Feats of Journalism, by

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

in a week's time you will be a master engine-driver."

"But what about 'Big Pete?'" queried Coleman. "He engages all the men, and he'll never trust that hoisting engine to a tyro."

"Tell him you're an engineer and want to run his engine."

"No; I'll not lie to get the job."

"All right. Suit yourself about the moral part of it. I'll tell him about you and you can fix up the rest as best you can."

—"flat broke"

"R. L." TRIES RUNNING A HOISTING ENGINE

Next day the applicant for the vacant position confronted "Big Pete." "He had bonfire hair and a temper to match," says Mr. Coleman in narrating the episode. "He chewed more tobacco and swore more new and wonderful oaths than any other man in Leadville. He was not one of your careless, haphazard blasphemers. He swore fluently, gracefully, comprehensively, methodically, homogeneously—I had almost said prayerfully."

"Do you know how to run an engine, you blank tenderfoot?" asked "Big Pete."

"I can run *your* engine," replied Coleman.

"By the blankety blank," roared the prospective employer. "I didn't ask you if you could run *our* engine, but if you can run *an* engine."

"I can run *your* engine," calmly repeated the applicant.

For a few minutes "Big Pete" eyed the young man before him as a cat eyes a mouse before crushing out its breath and, turning on his heel, said:

"Well, go ahead and run it, and be dashed!"

THE SCANDINAVIANS' CLOSE CALL

Coleman did run the engine and was dashed—by "Big Pete"—when a few days later his inexperience as an engineer nearly cost two lives. The hoisting engine wound and unwound the rope to which was attached the basket that carried the miners up and down the perpendicular shaft of the mine. Two Scandinavian delvers were descending in the basket and the rope ran off its reel steadily enough until something snapped. Coleman saw the hempen cable tearing over the great wheel on which it was wound with a speed that made it crackle and groan and roar. Human lives were at the other end of that racing rope and, when it ceased its plunging, death would wait at the bottom.

With all the strength of despair the amateur engineer threw his weight against the brake provided for such emergencies. It did not work. It was well for the men in the dropping basket that the brake was inoperative, for suddenly to check their downward plunge would be to throw them headlong out of their shallow car. With an inspiration born of fright young Coleman seized a length of iron pipe lying close at hand, and bracing it, lever-like, under the whirring rope-drum, gradually brought that perverse apparatus to its normal speed. The basket and its freight were not far from the bottom by this time, and with collapsing relief the new engineer finally saw the taut line leading into the mine's throat sag and then hang limply on its pulley. Somehow the engine was repaired, and the badly frightened Scandinavians were brought to the surface. Money or persuasion could not induce them to venture again into the black hole that had nearly swallowed them. More for joy at their safe delivery and to relieve the nervous tension under which he had labored for five frightful minutes, Coleman set upon both of the rescued men and thrashed them as their fathers never did and as few other men may. Fisticuffs, for "R. L.," took the place of tears in those rough days.

SWAMPING THE HOUSE WITH ORDERS

In 1883 Mr. Coleman traveled eastward, but nothing of importance came into his life until two years later, when he found himself with a toy company in Chicago. The business of this concern was the making of baby carriages, light wooden playthings for the nursery, and velocipedes. "R. L." relates with a reminiscent smile how he had to beg for a place with the firm. They did not want him, and lost no time in telling him so, but the same grit that enabled him to cling to the flying drum of the hoisting engine finally gave him a place in the toy factory. He must have felt that his persistence in this case meant future success. His work was more varied than congenial. It finally came to his mind that his principals were so busy making goods that they left no time for selling them. He proposed to "go on the road" for his concern, and after some persuasion his wish was granted. "R. L.'s" trip astonished his employers, for he sold so many goods that the factory was unequal to the demands made upon it. Other trips were made with still more wonderful results, and then "R. L." was called home and entreated not to sell any more goods until the capacity of the factory was equal to his capacity for keeping it busy.

Mr. Coleman's success as a commercial traveler determined his position, though his salary was not made burdensome. It was not long before he became a factor in the firm's business. The usual story of intelligent energy and profitable achievement is the story of Mr. Coleman's career at this period—and after. The business of the company expanded, to the wonderment and envy of its competitors; plot after plot of ground was purchased and built upon.

In the latter part of 1885 Mr. Coleman opened an Eastern branch in New York. The company had become the largest makers of cheap grade and juvenile bicycles and of iron and wooden velocipedes in the country. As far back as 1872 the company had manufactured two-wheeled velocipedes, and in 1877 had put on the market a number of the old high-wheel "ordinaries." This was the first step toward the present position of Mr. Coleman's concern as makers of the marvelous modern bicycle. In 1887 "R. L." was making his presence felt among wheel manufacturers. He had first a proprietary interest in the Eastern branch of his concern, and soon afterward came into absolute control. The firm name was changed about this period, and the Eastern agent's weekly remittance to the parent concern was an average of $5000. Between 1891 and the latter part of 1893 Mr. Coleman became a principal with a controlling interest in the Chicago business, and in 1894 became its manager and Vice-President. The little toy factory had grown to be a great corporation worth $1,000,000.

A GOOD YEAR FOR BICYCLE MEN

To-day R. Lindsay Coleman is a man of fortune and the foremost bicycle manufacturer in the land. As his contribution to the American Bicycle Company he brings the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to the production of cycles—a plant equipped with the most perfect bevel gear cutting machinery, labor-saving devices for making chains and sheet-steel stampings, automatic mechanisms capable of finishing 325,000 small parts daily, and a staff of workmen able to complete 1000 bicycles in a working day of ten hours. Twenty-five hundred persons are employed by Mr. Coleman in the various departments of his factory. Proudly enough, "R. L." points to his ledgers recording the sale of more than 100,000 bicycles last year; this year's sales will probably far exceed this number. A glance at these figures shows plainly why R. Lindsay Coleman is a power in the new organization of wheel manufacturers.

—and tells a story pithily

A COMPANY WITH FIFTY-SIX PLANTS

As it is now constituted, the new bicycle combination is able to produce anything utilized in the making of a riding-wheel. The list of manufacturers includes forty-five concerns and fifty-six plants, and there are options upon other plants. The men and history of the concerns in the combine are the men and history of American cycling—nay, of cycling the world over. It is claimed that the effect of this gigantic coöperation in the production of one of the necessities of modern existence—the bicycle—will be the cheapening in price of riding machines and the fixing of a still higher standard of excellence in their making. Those who know say that the coming season will see a greater production of bicycles of a finer grade and for a lower price than has ever been known. "Bicycles will be cheaper than shoe-leather, and the human animal will cease to walk except in a sitting posture," is "R. L.'s" picturesque way of unveiling the future.

A SNAPSHOT OF "R. L."

Whatever comes to pass, the name of R. Lindsay Coleman must find a forward place in future histories of the wheel. For the benefit of these bicycle Gibbons and Macaulays let it be recorded here that "R. L." is a square-jawed man with a vagrom fancy for saying things in an incongruous manner. His wit is without hurt or bitterness. He is generous, hearty and wholesome, and tells a story pithily. Because he seldom goes among his trade-fellows he is a celebrity in name more than in person. He is a valiant hater and a staunch friend. He has the courage of a lion, but looks the lamb. His business principles embrace the virtues of fair dealing, thoroughness and honest representations. He studies the game long and thoughtfully, but once his move is made nothing can alter his course or shake his determination. First and last, he is the ideal American man of affairs, cautious in planning, quick in acting, and accomplishing everything on a broad and generous scale.

—gave him a place in the toy factory

"Coleman is bigger than his business, greater than his millions," said one of his friends to the writer. "When there is anything too big for any one else in the trade to tackle, take it to 'R. L.' and you'll find it six sizes too small for him to bother with it."

TO MY OWN

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE squirrel lies hid in his hollow tree,
All wrapped in his long, soft tail;
The rabbit is snuggled as snug can be
In his home 'neath the old fence rail;
The partridge is only a bunch of down
Where thickest the arching brush—
They in the forest and we in the town,
Hush, my honey-boy, hush.

The field-mouse curls in a velvet ball
Far under the dead swamp-grass;
In his hole by the frozen waterfall
The mink dreams oft of the bass;
And every chick of the ground and air
Is cuddled in haven deep—
So here, in the glow of the firelight fair,
Sleep, my honey-boy, sleep.

The North Wind romps with the whirling snow;
Sly Jack Frost noses about;
But wood and field are abed—for no,
Not even the owl is out.
And here, where the motherkin's breast is warm,
And motherkin's arms are tight,
Safe from the snow and the frost and storm,
Good-night, honey-boy, good-night.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SOME NEW FEATURES SOON TO APPEAR:

The late Dwight L. Moody will be the subject of some reminiscent papers which are to be an important feature of several early issues of the Post.

These anecdotal articles, dealing in a most interesting fashion with the greatest of American evangelists, have been written by Mr. Moody's son, W. R. Moody—the one man best fitted to write them. They throw powerful sidelights on the man's character and reveal his true greatness.

Memories of Moody

By his son

W. R. MOODY

SHORT STORIES

A. T. Quiller-Couch

This popular English story-teller contributes two rattling tales of adventure in his best vein. These stories will be superbly illustrated.

F. Hopkinson Smith

The versatile artist-author, will have in an early number one of his inimitable short stories.

W. A. Fraser

The author of The Eye of a God, has written for the Post another curious story of a missing gem—The Brunswick Diamond.

Bret Harte

This great American story-teller will contribute in the near future two tales of life in California in the fifties.

Joel Chandler Harris

The creator of "Uncle Remus," has written for the Post a companion story to Why the Confederacy Failed. In the Order of Providence is also founded upon a chapter of war-time history.

PRACTICAL POLITICS FOR YOUNG MEN

Have you ever thought of "going into politics"? These papers by Judge Nathaniel C. Sears will tell you how to set about it.

Judge Sears has directed campaigns against the municipal abuses in Chicago, and he knows the game of politics inside and out. By

Judge Nath. C. Sears

PUTTING A CITY ON A BUSINESS BASIS

A new paper in the Post's series on municipal affairs, is from the pen of

Hon. Thos. G. Hayes

(*Mayor of Baltimore*)

Whose work in that city has attracted attention all over the country.

These articles are merely samples of a few of the features that the POST offers.

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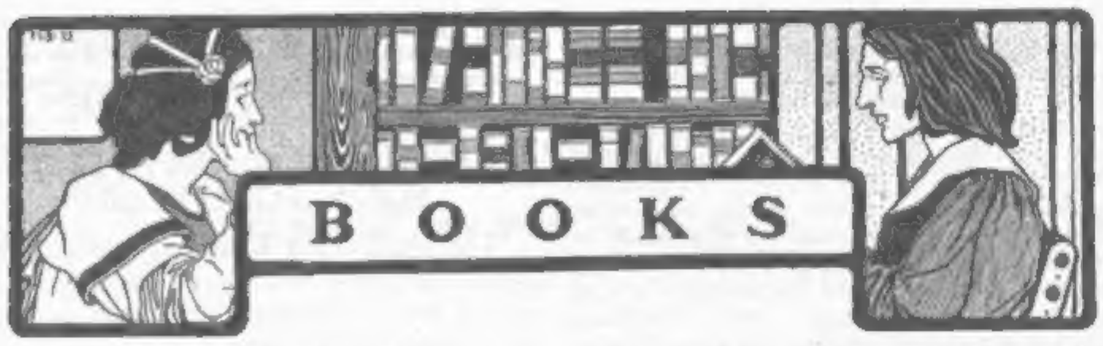

In Ghostly Japan*

MY COUNTRY, good-natured and ever breaking into smiles lyrical and soft as the moon and all her own, has posed, . . . but who can pretend to tell how many times and before how many painters, good, bad, indifferent, and so called; and the Buddhas only know, perhaps, with how many heartaches and despairs. And then, after many days, came Mr. Hearn. I have never seen my home-land so coquettish, so pleasing, so altogether pleased with her charms as since her acquaintance with Lafcadio Hearn. He is a magic mirror—this near-sighted genius of a poet-artist—at which one stares in ecstasy or in a ghastly horror, as the case may be, because therein one sees not one's form, or lines external, but the secrets that, in dullness and vanity, we fancied well screened from the vision of the gods. And before this mirror stands Japan happy as a girl of sixteen when her own sweet image shimmers back at her from the smiling, melting eyes of her sweetheart. I cannot think of any higher tribute to my land than this.

Of course she had been shy at first, this convent maid, Japan—three centuries of hermit life, you remember—but by and by, as a maiden will, say and do what you please, she lost her heart to Mr. Hearn; and now, with that grace and abandon which come only from utter forgetfulness of self, she has unlocked to him, one by one, the deeper chambers of her heart, and invited him to light his way into them with that lamp called genius which the gods give.

He did not despise her invitation, and so this new volume came to be. The Heart-Shadows of Japan may not be a better title than In Ghostly Japan, but somehow I fancy that it is a truer one. In A Fragment, and The Story of a Tengu, he pushes ajar the gates of that dreamland—Japan's and his—that you and I, mere mortals, may catch a glimpse of it and speculate on the depth of the mysteries of life and death. Furisode, A Story of Divination, Ingwa-Banashi, are short tales which you can find scattered all over Japan—lying idly neglected as rocks by the roadside—rocks, which in the magic hands of the master turn into pearls. Incense is an essay, concise and at the same time comprehensive—for there does not seem to be a single word which you could weed out of these pages—on the history of Japanese incenses and of a certain game in which they are used. And the scholarship of his article on Footprints of the Buddha is such that I do not see how in the world Mr. Anderson could stand in peace before gods and men till he revise a certain statement in his catalogue of Japanese and Chinese paintings in the British Museum. In A Passional Karma, Mr. Hearn tells—as only he could tell a story of this sort—the skeleton story of a drama, called Botan-Doro, which is now being acted in Tokyo by Kikugoro, and which shows a certain phase of our picturesque cult—you may call it a superstition if you like.

The author wrought a miracle in his translation of some Japanese poems and proverbs. A miracle, yes—really there is no other word for it. Translate Shakespeare into French! —George Sand made a fool of herself at it, and Dickens had a gloriously merry time at her expense and over the whole matter. But do not dare dream for a moment that the task of translating the Japanese poetry into English is anything as easy as the dressing out Shakespeare in French. This is the job which a few thousands of Japanese young men to-day, who could understand the English language as well as, say, an average graduate of Johns Hopkins or of Oxford, and whose knowledge of the Japanese is incomparably superior to that of any foreigner, have not dared to undertake as yet; it is the work which the gods would not take up without a second thought—it is a miracle, as I have said. And Mr. Hearn—that singular darling of the gods—has performed the wonder, not perfectly, no, but better than any one else has ever done. In a few years, when the purer days of our faith shall have returned, if you visit Japan, you must not be surprised at a tablet pendent at the centre of a *torii* bearing the inscription in gold: Hearn-Myo-Jin; or at the discovery of a shrine, buried and made modest in the fragrant bosom of the blossoming cherries of the Third Moon, dedicated to the Hearn-the-Enlightening-god.

To him has been vouchsafed the apotheosis of that power of the pen which gives a mere mortal that attribute of the divine called "avatar," so that he can make another's personality his and feel the shudders that were Macbeth's and the thrills that were Napoleon's. His also is the triumph of prose—the commercial English prose at that —over the viewless, the spiritual; he has painted therein the things which neither the eye can see, nor ear hear, nor nose smell, nor hand touch, nor mouth taste. And what a wedding of the deep and the simple!—you cannot speak but in exclamation about this —it makes you think of the famous passage, "Consider the lilies of the field," wherein the Master crammed the white throat of a simple flower with wisdom deep as life, and sang about it without an adjective. There may be a more graceful, ornate and simpler prose than this, but the angels must be reading it.

When the Japanese Government, in acknowledgment of his ability and the gracious labor of love which he had lavished upon our country, asked Mr. Hearn to honor a chair in the Imperial University with his acceptance, the editor of the Tai-Yo (a leading Tokyo magazine) was indignant at the ingratitude of his Government; the reward was too insignificant for the merit. I agreed with him perfectly; and so also a million others. But to be enshrined in the hearts of a people is surely something. And our gratitude, . . . but a man cannot write with ink everything his heart feels.

—Adachi Kinnosuké.

*In Ghostly Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. *Little, Brown & Co.*

Sermons in Stones*

SINCE the subject is ecclesiastical sermons we may alter the saying of the Wise Man of old to read, Of many sermons there is no end, and much reading of them is a weariness of the flesh. The wife of a clerical friend of mine wittily said that one assurance of the truth of Christianity lies in the fact that it has survived eighteen hundred years of bad preaching.

The question is often asked, and rarely answered correctly, "What is the first requisite of a sermon?" As I understand it, it is that it should be interesting. You may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, yet if your sermon does not possess that indefinable but actual quality of being interesting to your hearers you might as well have used sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. Of course, to be interesting is only the beginning of the series of qualifications necessary to a proper sermon; there must be other things of equal importance; but to be interesting is first in order if not in degree, and these sermons are all of that.

There is a simplicity, an appositeness about Mr. Wells' Sermons in Stones that is absolutely beguiling. You commence by reading some delightfully put scientific fact, or by enjoying some clever little personal experience, and you find before you know it that a moral or ethical lesson has been driven in you so hard that it stays, and you feel it, for sometimes it hurts. Then, too, they are so eminently plain and understandable, so thoroughly sane, healthy and practical, and there is withal such a vein of delicate humor through them that they are to be commended in the highest way, and not merely from the standpoint of sermons.

Of course the book is not meant for continuous reading as the reviewer attempted it, but is intended to be taken up at odd moments and each essay devoured and digested; indeed no one who reads can help considering, for the little preachings make people think. There is never a word too much of the lesson, although frequently it is only a suggestion, which has, nevertheless, a world of meaning. Rarely is the connection between the illustration and the lesson a strained one, and with few exceptions, easily overlooked in the genuine spirit of the writer which shines out from every page, is there evidence of a lack of taste in the treatment.

The style of the author is excellent; sometimes it is epigrammatic, and the advice given frequently lies in a quaint and curious transformation of a commonly accepted idea; for instance, the admonition to "Talk easy; Listen hard!" There is something in the sermons for almost every kind of man and woman. Geological discussions, botanical investigations, astronomical reflections, and the trolley car, the telephone, the camera, the printing office, the business world and the highway have each contributed their various lessons of "good in everything." For those who love the infant preacher in the household (and who does not?) there is a delightful little section called From Caroline's Pulpit. I wish it had been longer.

—Cyrus Townsend Brady.

*Sermons in Stones. By Amos R. Wells. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

AMONG the sea towns of the Levant, Mr. Robert Barr has been playing at Innocents Abroad; and if one may judge from his book about it, a very pleasant and amusing occupation it must have been. Mr. Barr is a trained observer who sees the comedy side of life all about him—whether in Detroit or London or Jerusalem, it matters not; he has a nose for humor, and his keen eye everywhere detects the comic, be it never so well disguised.

The Unchanging East, as he calls his book, is alluring and insidious. It contains so much real information enlivened with fun and disguised with local color, and it beckons the reader on from chapter to chapter with such persuasive interest.

Mr. Barr's camera has done the reader good service in furnishing the interesting pictures which adorn the two handsome little volumes. It will be recalled that several chapters of the book appeared in these columns—under another title—last summer. *L. C. Page & Co.*

If the windows of the booksellers are any indication of the public taste there would seem to be a growing inclination on the part of people at large to recognize the work of the artist in color and line along with that of his fellow-workman, the author—and, of course, the publisher will be the first to admit that he is here to gauge the public taste. From the presses of a New York house we note: a fac-simile reproduction of one of Mr. E. W. Kemble's sketch books—cover and all —full of his quaint humor and quick seizure of types Northern and Southern; to the accompaniment of verse by Arthur Waugh, twelve drawings in color, called The Square Book of Animals, by Mr. William Nicholsons, done in the same inimitable manner which has marked his incisive portrayal of current celebrities; eighty scenes of that snug and tidy English country life and landscape that lends itself so easily to prettily picturesque treatment, from the work of Mr. C. T. Taylor; and in the broader manner of frank caricature, The Record of Three Bears, by Mr. Frank Ver Beck, and Animal Jokes, a comical distortion of animal life by Mary Baker-Baker—the first published collection of her work. *R. H. Russell & Co.*

In Child Life in Colonial Days, a companion volume to her Home Life in Colonial Days, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle throws a most interesting side-light on the formative influences of American history—by which let it not be understood that anything is detracted from the normal interest that always attaches to children as children. Mrs. Earle describes how they were brought up, what they wore, what they studied, how they played, and what discipline was meted out to them by our conscientious forefathers. One hundred and fifty illustrations of toys and dresses make the picture additionally real. *The Macmillan Company.*

Tales of an Old Château, by Margaret Bouvet, illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong, is an attractive little book containing six delightful stories in which romance, chivalry and the glamour of old days

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are pleasantly portrayed. The leading story concerns a small Swiss timepiece which was given to the author's maternal great-grandfather by a lady of noble birth in reward for his courage and valor in a time of peril. Miss Bouvet tells how this amulet saved his life on one interesting occasion. The other stories are also entertaining. *A. C. McClurg & Co.*

Critical Confessions, by Neal Brown, range from Andrew Lang and Honoré de Balzac to Max Nordeau and Americanism in Literature. They are the frank expressions of a man who has read widely and who has opinions about writers and books. He deplores the lack of real greatness in the present-day literature, but has hopes of the future. In ending his essay on Americanism he says: "There must have been many unsung Odysseys in the lives of those hardy adventurers who came with Raleigh and Smith, and whose descendants later drifted down the Ohio and the Mississippi and over the plains, driving the Indian and the buffalo before them. But we had no Homers to put this pioneer wonderland into verse. Life was too stern and exacting and pitched in too intense a key, so we built literature slowly in our pioneer age. This early poverty had its effect on the really great builders like Longfellow and Cooper, who came later." *The Philosopher Press, Wausau, Wisconsin.*

Songs from Puget Sea, by Herbert Bashford, is a collection of poems, sonnets and quatrains, the subjects of which are peculiar to the life and scenery of that glorious section of our country. They are marked by a high appreciation of Nature and a close acquaintanceship with the life and history of the land and people. *Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco, California.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

A Sympathetic Little Aristocrat.—The Rev. R. H. Stone, author of In Afric's Forest and Jungle, tells a pathetic story of Bishop Crowther, the black Sierra Leone evangelist. The Bishop does not know what his real name is, but he knows that he was found by friends on a Portuguese slave-ship and by them named Samuel Crowther. He was educated in Sierra Leone and afterward in England. On account of his piety and wisdom he was made a Missionary Bishop of the Church of England.

Once, when visiting a nobleman's country-house in England, he was telling of an incident in his life, when he felt his hand being softly rubbed by his host's little daughter. As a tear dropped from her eyes he said, "Don't cry, little one."

But the tears dropped faster and faster and the soft rubbing kept on.

"Well, well, what is the matter?" exclaimed the Bishop.

"I'se trying awful hard to wash that smut off of you," was the unexpected but sympathetic reply.

An Undesirable Neighbor.—The Mystery of Mr. Cain, an odd bit of fiction by Lafayette McLaws, who in private life is Miss Emily L. McLaws, of Augusta, Georgia, created no end of a disturbance in that quiet town when it appeared. Every one was proud of the success of the young writer, but as the scene was supposed to be laid in Augusta and there was a great deal of local color worked in, some of the citizens took their pleasure sadly. One, who is somewhat of a *littérateur* himself, said to a relative of the author:

"You see, we think the story is a great yarn; plenty of blood and thunder in it, and interesting enough to keep you up nights, but it's the atmosphere that chills our local pride. Why, the author has the heroine commit murder right in our town, pick the corpse up and dispose of it in the most offhand way. Anybody would think we had a cordon of Parisian morgues bordering the settlement."

"So you don't care for the story?"

"Care? I think it's great. You tell Miss Emily to write all she can of them, but tell her to take some other town for her next scene, will you?"

Why Miss Ganahl Gave Up Art.—Harriet Adams Ganahl, author of Plantation Sketches and Stories, belongs to an old Georgia family which met with reverses after the Civil War. Although a young and comely woman, in the twenties at the present time, she has been a breadwinner for years. Her first ambition was writing, but as she could not earn a comfortable income at that time from her pen she eked out a living by teaching school, singing, and giving music lessons. Once she thought she had a special talent for decorative painting, as several jars she had painted sold for high prices and took some prizes at the Southern county fairs. But this aspiration was soon nipped in the bud. The old family servant, a most devoted darky, came into her room one day while she was at work putting the finishing touches upon a calla lily which was painted at one corner of a stone jug.

"Oh, Miss Hattie," said the servant, "that's jest Heavingly!"

"Is that so, Auntie?" asked the painter.

"Yes, indeed, honey," went on Auntie; "it's jest saintly. You's a regular Rosie Bonny, you is, sure enough."

"Well, what is it Auntie that you like?" replied the artist, her pulse quickened with pride.

"Why, Miss Hattie, anybody can see. It's jest the most celestial thing I ever seed. It's one of them flying fishes. That's what it is."

After that Miss Ganahl gave up art.

Anthony Hope's Mad Season.—Anthony Hope, among other odd characteristics, has a strong dislike to poetry. A bright London belle, knowing this trait, once tried the joke of reading some verses to him. To her surprise he listened complacently and at the end of the infliction thanked her in superlatives. It was too much for her comprehension. She forgot about the joke and said:

"I thought you hated poetry?"

"So I do in my lucid intervals," was the consoling rejoinder, "but this is the spring season, which affects me like the March hares."

Mrs. Thomas' Narrow Escape.—Mrs. Clotilde Thomas, an author and critic, who was in Puerto Rico last spring and summer gathering literary material, was the guest of Major and Mrs. Sharpe, the former the Judge Advocate of his district. While there she accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with American friends in the mountains. She bade her hosts good-by and started for the hills. The route was by the way of the coast, where, thanks to the excellent postal arrangements, she received her home mail. On opening it she found that she was called urgently to the United States to look after some property interests. A steamer was about leaving, and she only had time to send a few lines to the friends in the mountains. A short time after her departure came a terrible tornado and flood which obliterated the hacienda where she had intended to go.

Why She Loved Him So.—The memoirs of Jules Massenet bring up an incident of his courtship told by Coquelin. It seems that when Liszt, Sgambati and Massenet were studying together in Rome they all became fascinated with the daughter of an aristocratic Frenchman. The trio spent their spare time composing and playing themes to the object of their affections. One evening the young woman showed marked favor to Massenet, and he proposed to her after having asked her father's consent. He followed her to Paris in a few days, where he was accepted by her and the marriage soon took place.

One day Massenet said to his bride before a party of friends:

"My dear, do you remember the day you first showed me that you preferred me to Sgambati and Liszt?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know, besides proving to me that you loved me, it also gave me great joy to know that you believed I played so well, even excelling the others?"

"Oh, but it wasn't that," answered his wife quickly. "It was because you played so badly that my love went out to you."

It is said that the great composer never referred to the incident again.

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The New Mother Goose

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

I. The Mischievous Music that Little Boy Blew

BESIDE the fence that flanked a dense and rustling crop of corn,
A farmer's boy with vicious joy performed upon a horn.
The vagrant airs, the fragrant airs around that field that strayed
Took flight before the flagrant airs that noisome urchin played.

He played with care The Maiden's Prayer, he blew God Save the Queen,
Die Wacht am Rhein, and Auld Lang Syne, and Wearing of the Green.
With futile toots, and brutal toots, and shrill chromatic scales,
And utterly inutile toots, and agonizing wails.

The while he played, around him strayed and calmly chewed the cud,
Some thirty-nine assorted kine, all ankle-deep in mud.
They stamped about and tramped about that mud till all the troop
Made noises, as they ramped about, like schoolboys eating soup;

Until at length they tried their strength upon the fence forlorn,
The railing cleared, and then careered, carousing through the corn,
And viciously, maliciously went prancing o'er the loam.
That landscape expeditiously resembled harvest-home.

"Most idle ass of all your class," the farmer cried with scorn,
"Alas! my son, what have you done? The cows are in the corn!
Oh, brat!" said he, "Oh, drat!" said he. The cowherd seemed to rouse.
"My friend, it's worse than that," said he, "the corn is in the cows!"

THE MORAL lies before our eyes: when tending kine and corn
Don't spend your noons in tooting tunes upon a blatant horn,
Or, scaling, and assailing, and with energy immense,
Your cows may take a railing, and the farmer take offense.

Editor's Note—The New Mother Goose will be continued through six numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

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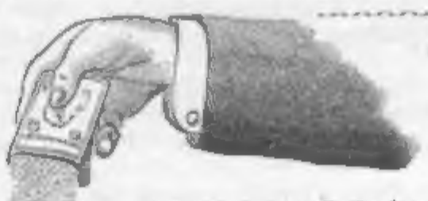

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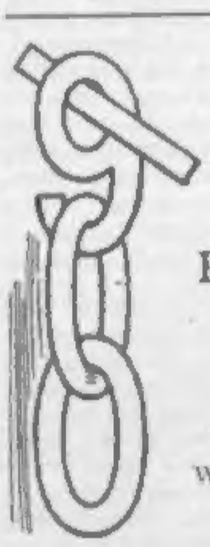

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